August 28, 1995 49145 $2.95 U.S., $3.95 Canadian

Haiti Forever?

Smoke and Mirrors: Government's War against Tobacco

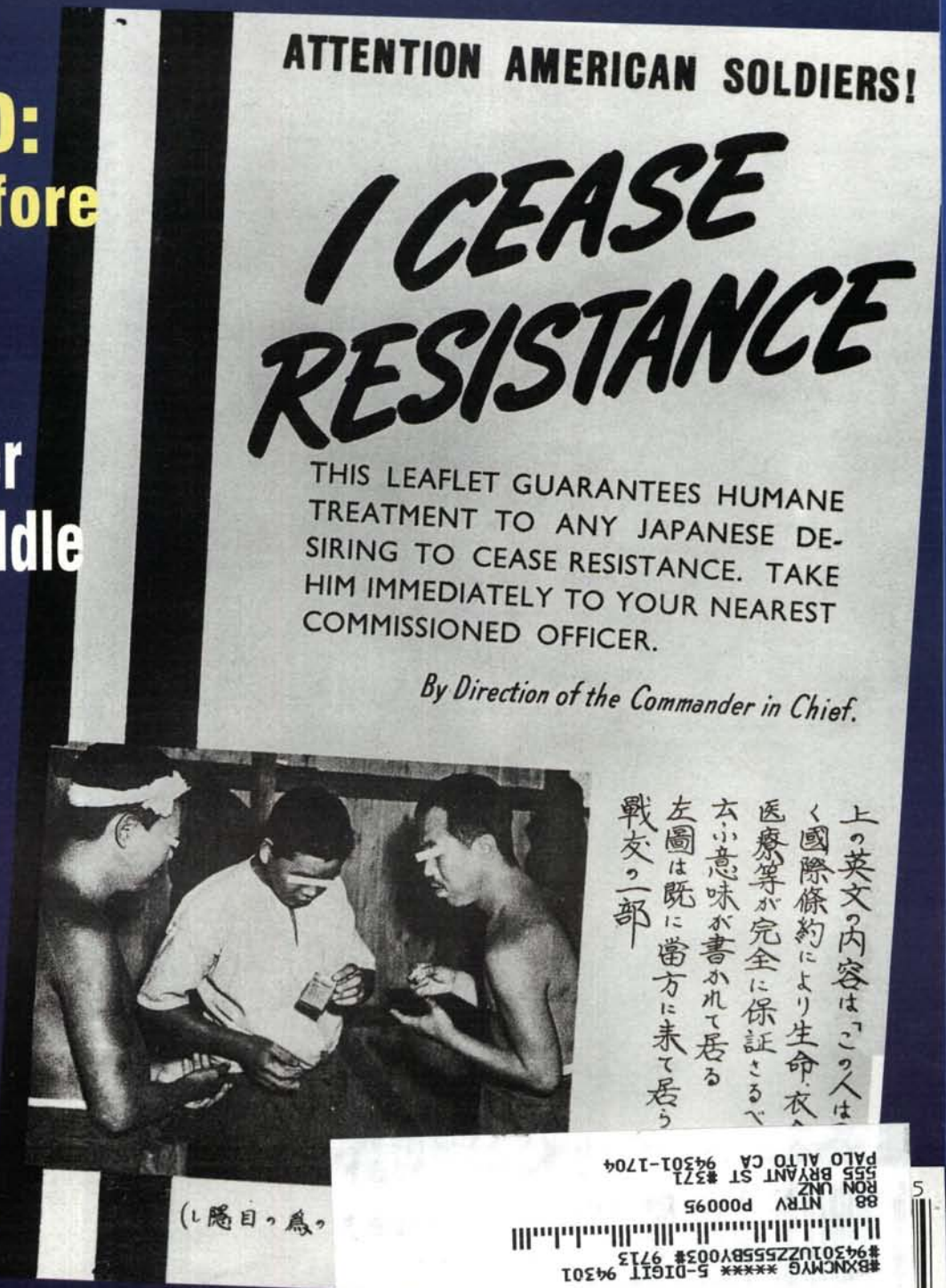
NATIONAL REVIEW

WHEN WE RETURNED: In Tokyo Before MacArthur

Al D'Amato: Up Whitewater Without a Paddle

What They're Not Telling You About Conspiracy Theories

Mailer's Oswald: File Under Fiction


ATTENTION AMERICAN SOLDIERS!
I CEASE RESISTANCE
THIS LEAFLET GUARANTEES HUMANE TREATMENT TO ANY JAPANESE DESIRING TO CEASE RESISTANCE. TAKE HIM IMMEDIATELY TO YOUR NEAREST COMMISSIONED OFFICER.
By Direction of the Commander in Chief.

#BXNCMYG ***** 5-DIGIT 94301
#9430IUZ255SBV0035# 9713
88 NTRV P00095
RON UNZ
555 BRYANT ST #371
PALO ALTO CA 94301-1704

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Thousands of songbirds had no voice. So we gave them one. We helped expand the High Island Sanctuary, a crucial resting place on the Texas coast for migrating songbirds. Originally, it was just five acres. But now it spans 170 acres. To make it happen, Phillips Petroleum brought together government agencies, conservation groups and another oil company. Did it make a difference? Just ask the next gray catbird you happen to meet. Respect for wildlife. At Phillips, that's what it means to be The Performance Company.

PHILLIPS PETROLEUM COMPANY

PHILLIPS 66

You'd sing too if someone created a sanctuary for you.

For an annual report on Phillips' health, environmental and safety performance, write to: HES Report, 16 A1 PB, Bartlesville, OK 74004.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NATIONAL REVIEW

AUGUST 28, 1995 VOL. XLVII, NO. 16

COVER STORY

23 ***Return to Japan***
William Letwin first went to Japan fifty years ago as a second lieutenant in the 11th Airborne Division, days after Hiroshima and Nagasaki were destroyed. Recently, he went back to find a country fully recovered, yet still wrestling with its past.

ARTICLES

18 ***On the Scene***
Moderate success or moderates' success? **Rich Lowry** considers the appropriations process. . . . Is Uncle Sam in Haiti for good? **Anthony Daniels** fears so. . . . **Stephen Moore** defends capital-gains tax cuts and wonders why Republicans won't.

32 ***Hearing Impaired***
Ramesh Ponnuru questions GOP methods in the Waco and Whitewater hearings, and begs: Please, no more mister nice guy.

33 ***Patterns of Conspiracy***
Pay no attention to those men in front of the screen. **Tom Bethell** uncovers the startling truth about who's really running the world.

36 ***Policing PC***
Warning: **Thomas DiLorenzo** has determined that the anti-smoking campaign is hazardous to your wealth—that's your money they're using.

38 ***No Devil in Devolution***
Replying to *NR*, **John Engler** and **Spencer Abraham** see block grants as a step in the Right's direction.

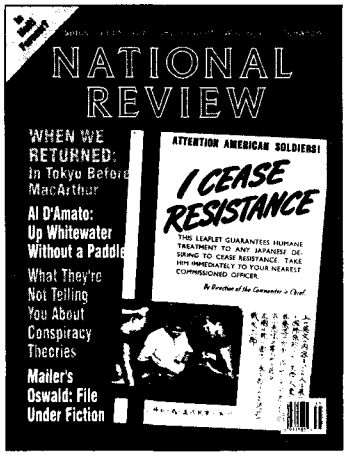
BOOKS, ARTS & MANNERS

42 In *Oswald's Tale*, Norman Mailer uses the death of John Kennedy as an occasion to nominate himself for artistic prime minister of the world. **Jacob Cohen** moves an amendment. . . . Fifteen years after contributing his first article to us, **Terry Teachout** remembers *The Joys of National Review, 1955–1980*, with pleasure. . . . There's nothing middling about the middle class nor petty about the petit bourgeois, concludes **Digby Anderson** after reading Margaret Thatcher's *The Path to Power*. . . . **John Simon** spanks *Kids* and wishes *Apollo 13* would get lost in space. . . . Pablo Casals fiddles while **Ralph de Toledano** burns—with admiration. . . . Back from a theater outing to Canada, with Noël Coward, George Bernard Shaw, and Oscar Wilde on her mind, **Linda Bridges** has those twentieth-century blues.

56 ***Misanthrope's Corner***
Florence King wishes that plagiarists would be less predictable.

SECTIONS

2 *Letters*
4 *From the Editor*
6 *For the Record*
8 *The Week*
22 *Gekko*
30 *hel*
41 *Letter from Al*
51 *Books in Brief*
54 *On the Right*


NATIONAL REVIEW
WHEN WE RETURNED: in Tokyo Before MacArthur
Al D'Amato: Up Whitewater Without a Paddle
What They're Not Telling You About Conspiracy Theories
Mailer's Oswald: File Under Fiction
ATTENTION AMERICAN SOLDIERS!
I CEASE RESISTANCE

Cover photo by UPI/Bettman

NATIONAL REVIEW (ISSN: 0028-0038) is published bi-weekly, except for the first issue in January, by National Review, Inc., at 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and additional mailing offices.

©National Review, Inc., 1995.

Address all editorial mail, manuscripts, letters to the editor, etc. to Editorial Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. Address all subscription mail orders, changes of address, undeliverable copies, etc. to Circulation Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, P. O. Box 668, Mount Morris, Ill. 61054-0668; phone, 815-734-1232, Monday–Friday, 7:30 A.M. to 10:30 P.M. Eastern time. Adjustment requests should be accompanied by a current mailing label or facsimile. Direct classified advertising inquiries to: Classifieds Dept., National Review, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016 or call 212-679-7330. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to Circulation Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, P. O. Box 668, Mount Morris, Ill. 61054-0668. Printed in the U.S.A.

RATES: $57.00 a year (25 issues). Add $21.50 for Canada and other foreign subscriptions, per year. (All payments in U.S. currency.) The editors cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unless return postage or, better, a stamped self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Opinions expressed in signed articles do not necessarily represent the views of the editors.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS

Waterworld

John Berlau ["Case of the Falling Sperm Counts," June 26] asserts that Greenpeace advocates ending the use of chlorine to disinfect drinking water as part of its proposal to ban the industrial use of chlorine. Does Mr. Berlau really think that residential water supplies are an industrial use? Greenpeace has never advocated a ban on chlorine to disinfect drinking water.

Peter Heilemann
Flushing, N.Y.

I understand Mr. Heilemann's disbelief that even Greenpeace would take such a radical position, but unfortunately this is the case. I'd be happy to send him a copy of a Greenpeace white paper from last year demanding the EPA "establish timelines for the implementation of chlorine-free water treatment methods," an action that would deprive Americans of the best protection against waterborne diseases. —JB

Not Quite That Rich—Yet

In "The Week" [July 31] you stated that "in FY1994 the AARP got $73 billion in federal support." Surely, you jest!

Ernest W. Lefever
Chevy Chase, Md.

We apologize for the misprint; the figure was $73 million. Even so, pretty soon you're talking real money. —ED.

Anti-Semitism

I commend Richard John Neuhaus for his sensitive and thorough "Anti-Semitism and Our Common Future" [July 10]. The International Fellowship of Christians and Jews, dedicated to building understanding between Jews and Evangelical Christians, recognizes that anti-Semitism has not been fully expunged, even in the United States. But the more pressing need today is for Christians and Jews to work together on issues of shared concern, such as the need to build a moral society in America and support for Israel. Father Neuhaus is correct that "Jews are secure and successful because this is a predominantly Christian society." In fact, this is the most hospitable country to Jews in the history of the world.

It is important for Jews to distinguish between feelings of discomfort upon hearing a Christian prayer, and anti-Semitism such as the hatred that spews from the likes of Aryan Nation and Louis Farrakhan. Unfortunately, many Jews fail to make this distinction, as their attitudes toward conservative Christians often reveal.

Jews and Christians should work together and support one another, not only because it is God's will, but so we can dispel the myths we have of one another and replace them with trust and harmony. Only then can we begin to resolve—together—some of the real threats and moral challenges facing us all today.

Rabbi Yechiel Eckstein
President, IFCJ
Chicago, Ill.

I found Father Neuhaus's piece chilling. A key assumption in it is that the decline in anti-Semitism has led to mischief on the part of the Anti-Defamation League, while it should instead be reducing the sensitivity of American Jews to fancied slights. Perhaps this view reflects Father Neuhaus's own experience, but he cannot have properly assessed the increasing stridence of people like Leonard Jeffries and Louis Farrakhan, or the documented increase in distinctly anti-Semitic acts such as bombings of synagogues and painting of swastikas. Anti-Semitism hit a low in the Seventies and has been on the increase since.

According to Neuhaus, anti-liberalism is confused with anti-Semitism because a high proportion of Jews are liberals. Yet, Christian liberals far outnumber them, so how did this ever become a Jewish issue?

Father Neuhaus has unwittingly accepted the assumption at the root of anti-Semitism since Weimar days—that the tiny minority of Jews wields overwhelming political and economic influence. While some Jews tend to line up against school prayer, for example, it is not a case of the 2 per cent governing what the 98 per cent will be taught. There are large numbers of non-Christians, as well as many Christians, who believe that school is no more an appropriate place for organized prayer than is the motor vehicle office. Why Neuhaus pins this on the Jews is an important question that speaks to the heart of anti-Semitism.

George R. Berman
Yonkers, N.Y.

Studies, including those by the ADL, indicate that anti-Semitism has dramatically decreased in the past 25 years. Anti-liberalism becomes a "Jewish issue" when criticism of liberal Jews is wrongly condemned as anti-Semitism. The point of my article is that those who equate Judaism with liberalism are responsible for pinning liberalism on Jews. All of us, Jews and Christians alike, must challenge that equation. —RJN

Deaths in a Secret World

I was dismayed to find a serious misinterpretation in Eric Breindel's otherwise excellent review of *The Secret World of American Communism* [June 12]. Mr. Breindel states that the authors "have discovered that a considerable number [of American volunteers in the Soviet-controlled International Brigades during the Spanish Civil War] who had been deemed military casualties were killed after 'disciplinary' proceedings. Some had been accused of ideological deviation; still others had wanted merely to exercise their 'contractual' right to return home . . . and . . . were shot as 'deserters.'" The authors by no means "discovered" that American volunteers, along with numerous other volunteers, including Spaniards, were murdered by the Stalinists in Spain. This has long been known and discussed in memoirs and other historical works. But, no scholar, including these authors, has claimed that "a considerable number" of Americans were executed by the Stalinists in Spain.

Mr. Breindel clearly bases his statement on a 19-page "bad conduct" list of hundreds of volunteers, published in *Secret World*. This list alone is not sufficient evidence that all or even many of those named therein were killed by their own side. Less than half a dozen of the names that fill 19 pages are known to historians; of them, three were very probably executed. That does not permit it to be baldly stated that the rest were also executed.

Stephen Schwartz
San Francisco Chronicle
San Francisco, Calif.

I thank Mr. Schwartz—a widely recognized Spanish Civil War scholar—for his reference to my "otherwise excellent review." As for his discovery of a "serious misinterpretation," the term "considerable number" may well have been an overstatement. But nowhere did I "baldly" state that every individual on the 19-page "bad conduct list" published by Klehr et al. was executed. Schwartz says three American volunteers in Spain were killed by their own side, and allows that the fate of others remains unknown. Perhaps I should have said that a "number of Americans" were killed by Stalinist police and ditched the adjective "considerable." Mea culpa. —EB

Editor's note: Letters of 200 words or fewer have a greater chance of being published.

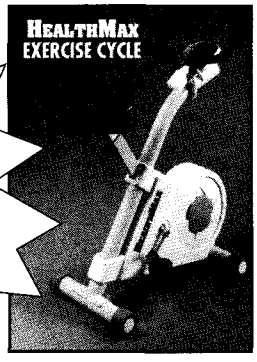
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

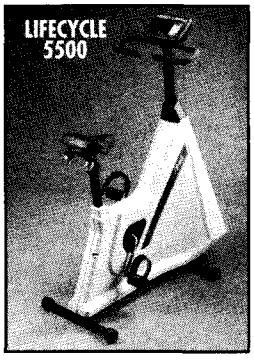
SUMMER SALE — SAVE $200!

HEALTHMAX® EXERCISE CYCLE BEATS LIFECYCLE 5500®! COSTS $780 LESS!

10 Powerful Reasons to Choose **HEALTHMAX** as Your Aerobic Fitness Cycle.

JUST $29.50 PER MONTH!





THE REASONS	HEALTHMAX EXERCISE CYCLE $295	LIFECYCLE 5500
1 Amazing Price	☑YES ~~$495~~ (plus $50 shipping/handling)	☒NO $995 (plus $130 shipping/handling)
2 Sturdy Construction	☑YES Large 3" diameter tubular steel frame.	☑YES, **BUT...**Theirs has a thinner 1¼" frame.
3 State-of-the-Art Computer With Varied Exercise Programs	☑YES 5 different exercise programs provide a wide range of workouts.	☑YES, **BUT...***Offers* only 4 workout programs.
4 Computer Targets Your Ideal Heart Rate Zone	☑YES Automatically targets your personal zone — vital for a truly effective custom workout.	☒NO Automatic targeting is not possible; their computer can't do it.
5 Includes Pulse Monitor	☑YES Monitors your heart rate for optimum — and safe — workout.	☒NO Not included. (Provided only with their $1,598 model!)
6 Computer Memory Saves Your Personal Exercise Data	☑YES Stores and retains your personal workout instructions for your next exercise session. You can pick up where you left off.	☒NO Pedal-powered computer loses all your exercise data whenever you stop pedaling.
7 State-of-the Art Magnetic Resistance System	☑YES Magnetic resistance is the best system providing the best possible workout.	☑YES, **BUT...**For the price of a Lifecycle you could buy <u>two</u> HealthMax CYCLEs!
8 Comfortable Gel Seat	☑YES State-of-the-Art "Gel" seat ensures a more comfortable, effective workout.	☒NO Uses ordinary non-gel bicycle-type seat.
9 Convenient UPS Delivery	☑YES Call today and be on your CYCLE in 5-7 days. Comes in two manageable boxes for easy handling.	☒NO Single 90 lb. crate must be delivered by common carrier truck. Lifting this may be a workout in itself.
10 Payable in installments	☑YES Just say "charge it" and pay in 10 easy credit card installments of just $29.50. ($50 shipping/handling added to first installment.)	☑YES, **BUT YOU MUST...** 1. Fill out a credit application. 2. Obtain credit approval. 3. Pay $29.95/month for 33 months! 4. Pay a full $130 shipping/handling.

HEALTHMAX EXERCISE CYCLE is the hands-down winner!

Once upon a time, you didn't have a choice. If you wanted a first-rate aerobic workout, you had to spend over $1,000 for a Lifecycle. That was then. Now, you can get as much — and more — at 1/3 the price — with **HEALTHMAX EXERCISE CYCLE**. And while you're getting fit riding your **HEALTHMAX EXERCISE CYCLE**, you can think about all the rewards you can buy with the $780 you've saved!

CALL TOLL-FREE FOR A 30-DAY NO RISK TRIAL:

1-800-367-4534

Ext. 695-020

HEALTHMAX®

Lifecycle is a registered trademark of Life Fitness.

47 Richards Avenue • Norwalk, CT 06857

©MBI

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FROM THE EDITOR

War Crimes and Misdemeanors

■ William Letwin's article, contrasting a recent visit to Japan with his earlier arrival as a young U.S. occupier in 1945, offers in general a benign judgment of what has been achieved by the Japanese since then. But about Japanese war guilt he feels disquiet.

With good reasons: the half-heartedness of the official Japanese apology for wartime crimes; the fact that even so modest a gesture was supported by less than half the Diet; and the Japanese concentration upon Hiroshima as the central event of World War II.

Mr. Letwin points to the main flaw of MacArthur's Occupation, otherwise rightly celebrated, namely that it did not force the Japanese to face up to the fact that Japan entered the war as an aggressor and committed war crimes on a scale that shocked even hardened soldiers.

But national amnesia of that kind is common, national repentance on the postwar German model a rarity.

What is odd is that the U.S. should today agree to gloss over its victory. According to the script of President Clinton's Hawaii commemoration of V-J Day, however, it now turns out that we defeated the Pacific. As Dorothy Rabinowitz drily observed in the *Wall Street Journal*, the next stage will be to call it: Event in the Pacific.

This is doubtless intended to suggest America has generously decided to forget Japan's past crimes; unfortunately, it also enables Japan to do the same.

■ Almost every living GOP presidential candidate—and some whose claim to be living is questionable—will have kowtowed to Ross Perot by now. Why?

It cannot be what he has to say. Now that we have grown used to his snappy (but lacking in nutrition) one-liners, Mr. Perot never says anything interesting, or indeed anything much.

Nor can Republicans reasonably think that by proposing to Mr. Perot, they can marry the 19 per cent of voters who supported him in 1992. Mr. Perot was the beneficiary of a large protest vote, not its owner.

The first Republican to dress down Mr. Perot will advance in the polls. He will have demonstrated the most important asset in politics—authority.

Politicians unfailingly fail to grasp this. They imagine that the public wants likable and friendly leaders—when what it wants above all is strong and decisive leaders. (Okay, okay. Voters would ideally prefer leaders who are both; but a Reagan or an FDR comes along once in a generation.)

So, the correct strategy for GOP hopefuls in Texas last weekend was to criticize Perot to his face while highlighting the issues his voters care about.

Tell me: who did the right thing?

■ Senate rules are meant to cover breaches of a senator's public duty. Boorish actions in private are best dealt with by informal social sanctions such as snubbing. And no doubt decent women did shun Senator Packwood when they learned of his behavior.

But there is an interesting question that even Senator Barbara Boxer glided over: did his tactic of grabbing the nearest available girl and sticking his tongue into her mouth ever work?

If not, why did Mr. Packwood employ it for so long? After all, it is such an unpromising experiment that a few consistent failures would persuade most social scientists to try another approach.

The inference must be that its many humiliations were more than compensated for by a) the occasional conquest, and b) its sheer efficiency (no need of dinner, candlelight, flowers, etc.).

Will any of these responsive women come forward? Will they testify that it was the senator's power and glamor as a top legislator which led them so to forget themselves? And, if so, will they include those feminists who supported him long after his activities were known because they wanted his vote on abortion, etc.? He could stick his tongue into their PAC any time he chose.

I would continue on this theme, but it might become tasteless.

—JOHN O'SULLIVAN

NATIONAL REVIEW

August 28 issue; printed August 9

Editor
John O'Sullivan
Senior Editors
Peter Brimelow / Richard Brookhiser
Priscilla L. Buckley / Jeffrey Hart
Peter W. Rodman
Managing Editor: Linda Bridges
Washington Editor: Kate Walsh O'Beirne
Articles Editor: Andrew Oliver
Executive Editor: Matthew Carolan
Literary Editor: David Klinghoffer
National Political Reporter: Rich Lowry
National Reporter Ramesh Ponnuru
Economics Analyst: Ed Rubenstein
Roving Correspondent: Radek Sikorski
Art Director: Luba Kolomytseva
Associate Editor: Karina Rollins
Executive Secretary: Frances Bronson
Assistant to the Editor-at-Large: Tony Savage
Assistant to the Editor: Jeanne Shanahan
Editorial Associates
Patricia B. Bozell / Tracy Lee Simmons
Jane Buckley Smith / Christopher R. Weinkopf
Editorial Services
Michael Ashton / Millie Fletcher
Michael A. Watkins
Research Director: Dorothy McCartney
Librarian: John J. Virtes
Research Assistants
Russell Jenkins / James Voris
Contributing Editors
Elliott Abrams / Wick Allison / Hadley Arkes
Tom Bethell / Eliot A. Cohen / Brian Crozier
W. H. von Dreele / Andrew Ferguson
Neal B. Freeman / John Gray / Florence King
Lawrence Kudlow / Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn
Anthony Lejeune / Stephen Markman
Stephen Moore / Richard John Neuhaus
Paul Craig Roberts / Peter Samuel / John Simon
Ralph de Toledano / Ernest van den Haag
Vin Weber / Timothy J. Wheeler
President
Thomas L. Rhodes
Editor-at-Large
Wm. F. Buckley Jr.
Contributors
Digby Anderson / Aram Bakshian Jr.
Baloo / David Brudnoy / Richard C. Carpenter
Donald Coxe / John R. Coyne Jr. / Dinesh D'Souza
M. Stanton Evans / Chester E. Finn Jr.
Doug Gamble / James Gardner / George Gilder
Victor Gold / Charles R. Kesler
James Jackson Kilpatrick / Jan Lukas
D. Keith Mano / Charles Burton Marshall
Forrest McDonald / Brad Miner / Thomas Molnar
Joe Mysak / Gerhart Niemeyer / Michael Novak
Grover Joseph Rees / Alan Reynolds
Selden Rodman / William A. Rusher / J. O. Tate
Terry Teachout / Taki Theodoracopulos
S. L. Varnado / Richard Vigilante
Charles Wallen Jr. / Chilton Williamson Jr.
Associate Publisher: Jack Fowler
Assistant to the Publisher: Kevin Longstreet
Assistant to the President: Barbara Nowack
Chief Financial Officer: James X. Kilbridge
Accounting Manager: Galina Veygman
Treasurer: Rose Flynn DeMaio
Fund Director: Arthur F. Stetzner
Business Services
Alex Batey / Lisa Champagne / Julie Crane
Vickie Manca / Kristie Hong Woo
Circulation 212-679-7330
Circulation Director: Theresa Maloney
Circulation Manager: Jason Ng
Main Number 212-679-7330
Subscription Inquiries 815-734-1232
Marketing & Advertising Sales
212-679-3923
Director: Donald W. Burkett
Direct Response Advertising
Director: Scott Budd
Todd Westover
Advertising Sales Assistant: Jennifer L. Bancks
Detroit Representative
Joseph J. Colucci 810-626-9918
Publisher
Edward A. Capano

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE BEST HISTORY HAS TO OFFER.

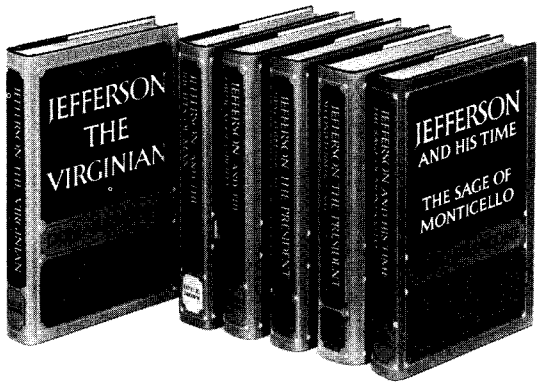
With no risk, no commitment.

Dumas Malone's JEFFERSON

The Virginian; And the Rights of Man; And the Ordeal of Liberty; The President—First Term; The President—Second Term; And His Time: The Sage of Monticello. Six-volume biography. Publisher's prices total $165

Your price: $14

#38-8078

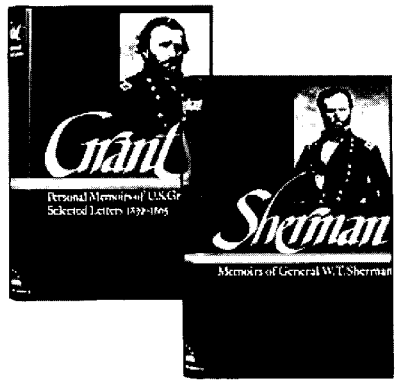


GRANT/ SHERMAN

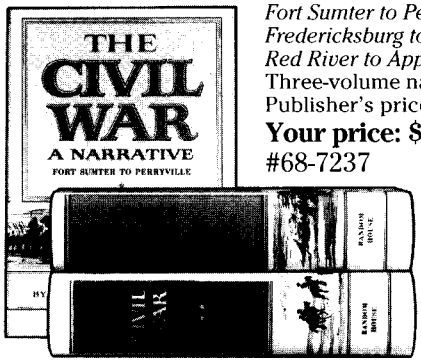
Two-volume memoirs set. Publisher's prices total $70

Your price: $14.95

#28-0433



Shelby Foote's THE CIVIL WAR

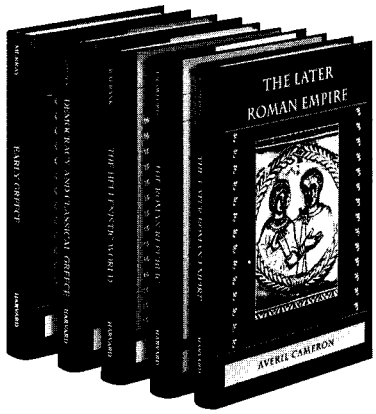


Fort Sumter to Perryville; Fredericksburg to Meridian; Red River to Appomattox. Three-volume narrative. Publisher's prices total $120

Your price: $15

#68-7237

THE CLASSICAL WORLD



This inspiring set of ancient histories by a group of distinguished scholars includes *Early Greece* by Oswyn Murray, *Democracy and Classical Greece* by J.K. Davies, *The Hellenistic World* by F.W. Walbank, *The Roman Republic* by Michael Crawford, and *The Later Roman Empire* by Averil Cameron. HBC Special 5-volume Hardcover Set.

Your price: $19.95

#28-1901

All the best history. All in one place.

Landmark works. Hailed by readers, historians and critics alike. No matter what area of history you enjoy reading about most, you'll find that History Book Club offers some of the finest selections being published today at as much as 25% off publishers' list prices. Through this special Introductory Offer, you can try History Book Club with no risk and no commitment. You may cancel membership at any time. We may cancel your membership if you elect not to buy at least one book in any six-month period.

Save as much as 25% with low Members' prices.

You'll enjoy significant savings off the publisher's price on each selection you make from the 150-200 volumes featured in the History Book Club *Review*, along with the new main title, the "Editors' Choice." History Book Club always offers its members well-made, long-lasting editions. How the Club works: You'll receive our *Review* and a dated Reply Form about every 3 weeks (17 times a year). If you want the "Editors' Choice," do nothing. It will be sent to you automatically. If you want another book, or no book at all, return the Reply Form by the date specified. A shipping and handling charge is added to each shipment. Your HBC guarantee: If you receive an unwanted "Editors' Choice" because you had fewer than 10 days to decide, just send it back and owe nothing.

Guarantee of Satisfaction: You may examine your introductory books for 10 days, FREE. If you are not satisfied, for any reason whatsoever, simply return the books and you will be under no further obligation.

HISTORY Book Club®

Camp Hill, PA 17012-0001

Please enroll me in History Book Club according to the no-risk, no-commitment terms outlined in the accompanying ad. Send me the selection whose number I have entered in the space below. Bill me at the low Introductory Price, plus shipping and handling. H123-8-5

Selection # [—] 5-66

Name

(Please print clearly.)

Address Apt. #

City

State Zip

Send no money now.

©1995 History Book Club. All orders subject to approval. Prices and offer may differ in Canada.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOR THE RECORD

■ As House recessed for August, **Bill Clinton** blamed **Newt Gingrich** for "delay, debate, and division." . . . Angry remarks of Minority Whip **David Bonior** (D., Mich.) convinced GOP lawmakers they were doing something right: "The most hard-hearted, short-sighted, suck-up-to-the-rich-and-soak-the-middle-class Congress in American history." Bonior's wrath is explained in part by fifth Democratic defection to GOP ranks—Rep. **Billy Tauzin** (La.). Now considered front-runner for seat of retiring Sen. **Bennett Johnston** (D.), Tauzin blamed Bonior and other Democratic leaders for driving conservatives out of party. **Mike Parker** (D., Miss.) will be next defector. . . . Anger of Dems, like Bonior and Minority Leader **Richard Gephardt** (Mo.), at Clinton for putting forward own balanced-budget plan (instead of just bashing away at GOP's) was badly misplaced, according to **Richard Morris**, Clinton's new political guru. *U.S. News & World Report* says Morris is telling Prez the plan resulted in a "permanent" 10-point increase in approval rating—also, that Clinton's new anti-crime ads have resulted in "7-point boost in each state where they have run." . . . Former political advisors now replaced by Morris and others are not leaving town broke. A *Boston Globe* report—gleefully faxed far and wide by GOP Chairman **Haley Barbour**—reports 30-month billings by Clinton political geniuses of yesteryear: consultants **James Carville** and **Paul Begala**, $450,000; pollster **Stanley Greenberg**, $4.5 million; and media maven **Mandy Grunwald**, $5 million. . . . Liberals face future funding problems, though. *Newsweek* cites Mellman Group and A.B. Data Group report that says average age of donors to liberal groups is 65, with 40 per cent dead in 10 years.

■ Network notes: ABC anchorman **Peter Jennings** got pasted for one-sided Hiroshima special criticizing U.S. use of A-bomb. Even *Washington Post* reviewer **Ken Ringle** described show as "an ingenue's stroll down the narrow tunnels of academic revisionism with only occasional intimations that larger truths may lie outside." . . . CBS anchorman **Dan Rather** sees partisanship in Clinton's ethical/legal troubles. A lion of Watergate who never saw Seventies congressional investigations as Democratic plot to get **Richard Nixon**, Rather refers to current congressional probes as "all-out Republican offensive on Whitewater." . . . National Public Radio correspondent **Nina Totenberg**—who once screamed obscenities at Sen. **Alan Simpson** (R., Wyo.) for saying her stories were smearing judicial nominee **Clarence Thomas**—is turning on the charm again. Noting recent objections by Sen. **Jesse Helms** (R., N.C.) to high funding levels for AIDS research, Totenberg said: "I think he ought to be worried about what's going on in the Good Lord's mind. Because if there is retributive justice, he'll get AIDS from a transfusion, or one of his grandchildren will get it." . . . Long critical of Fox TV's heavy emphasis on sexual themes, cultural conservatives are hoping **Rupert Murdoch** calls his office soon. Murdoch-owned Fox TV now running **Michael Moore**'s *TV Nation*—which is also being praised by Murdoch-owned *N.Y. Post*. The baseball-cap-wearing Moore is former *Mother Jones* journalist who poses as average-guy observer to hide his hard-core leftism—he's currently blasting GOP candidates for "spirit of Nixon"—and anti–Middle America bigotry. (Moore's nasty film about hometown of Flint, Mich., *Roger and Me*, is all-time favorite of Hollywood liberals.)

Matt-Rothco Syndicate

"'Lord of the Jungle' is just a title we invented to keep him happy."

■ Black America's Political Action Committee (BAMPAC) will host its first annual conference Sept. 24–25 at Hyatt Regency in Washington, D.C. Among speakers are founders **Alan Keyes** and **Phyllis Berry Myers**. Call 202-544-5355.

■ *International Herald Tribune* will not fight $678,000 libel penalty by Singapore court. Former Prime Minister **Lee Kuan Yew** said paper's opinion piece about his regime was example of U.S. cultural imperialism and meant to "dishonor" him. . . . House hearings on restoration of Taiwan membership in UN being pushed by Rep. **Gerald Solomon** (R., N.Y.). . . . Asking State Dept. to deny **Fidel Castro** visa for UN visit, 25 members of Congress, led by Rep. **Richard Torricelli** (D., N.J.), called him "a totalitarian Communist who has murdered, imprisoned, and tortured . . . for 36 years." . . . **Santiago Medina**, former campaign treasurer for Colombia President **Ernesto Samper**, says prez ordered him to take $6 million from drug cartel. Prior to election last year, U.S. State Dept. stopped Drug Enforcement Agency from releasing information showing Samper was tied to drug cartels. . . . International economists interviewed by Reuters are backing up recent claims by Saudi Arabia's King **Fahd** that his country will balance budget for first time since Gulf War. . . . Famed anthropologist **Richard Leakey**—who discovered oldest human skull—has founded political party in Kenya. . . . **Alan Moreau** of the Paris Tourism Dept. says his office's "Bonjour" program—a summertime be-nice-to-tourists campaign—is working. "Expectations are now worse than the reality," he says about Parisian reputation for rudeness.

■ Reflecting incredulity that it took her bosses four days to look in **Vincent Foster**'s briefcase for suicide note, White House secretary **Linda R. Tripp** responded to another secretary's reference to "slapstick comedy" in the West Wing with this e-mail message: "So it took until Monday to figure out it should be looked at? . . . And we're the support staff?" —OCD

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

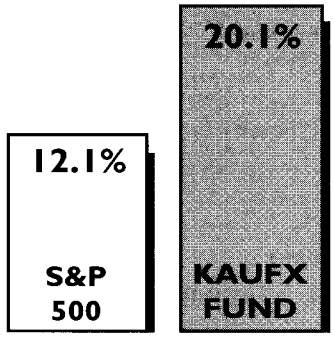
The Kaufmann Fund

A Small Company Growth Fund

"Tough Guys Finish FIRST"

Mutual Funds Magazine, April '95

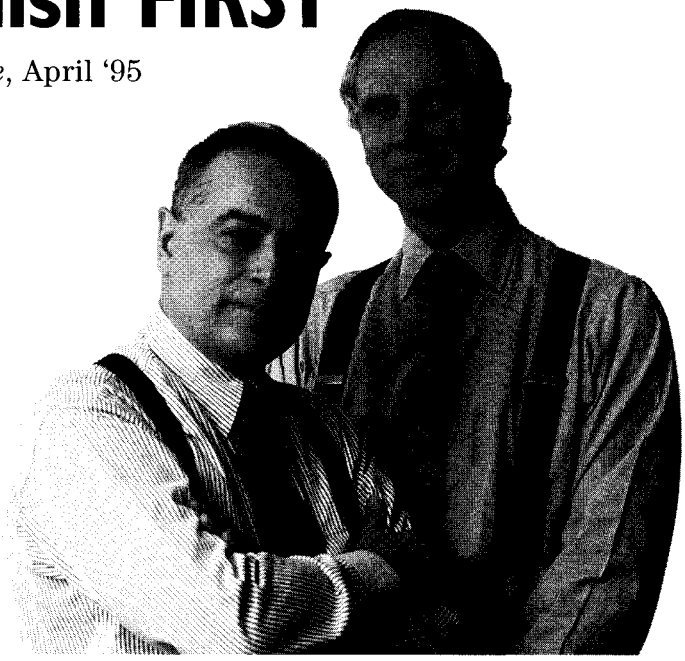
Five-Year Compounded Annual Return



Since Inception (2/86) **16.6%**

One year. **37.2%**

Period ending 6/30/95,
per Lipper Analytical Services



Lawrence Auriana and Hans Utsch, Portfolio Co-managers
with over 60 years of combined Wall Street experience

More than twice the average total annual return of all funds

(5-year period ending 6/30/95. Out of 870 equity funds, per Lipper Analytical Services)

Morningstar 5-Star (★★★★★) Rating*

(Out of 3,206 equity funds as of 6/30/95)

For a prospectus call:

(800) 666-9233

IRA

* Morningstar ratings are subject to change every month and are calculated from the funds' three- and five-year average annual returns with appropriate sales charge adjustments and a risk factor that reflects performance relative to three-month Treasury bill monthly returns. Ten percent of the funds in an investment category receive five stars.

Total returns for periods ending June 30, 1995 are historical and include change in share price, reinvestment of dividends and capital gains. There is a 0.2% redemption fee and a 12b-1 fee in excess of 0.25%. The S&P is an unmanaged index consisting of the common stock of 500 publicly traded U.S. companies. For more complete information including charges, expenses, and risks on small-cap stocks please read the prospectus carefully before you invest. The performance cited represents past performance which is not indicative of future results; investment performance fluctuates; fund shares when redeemed may be worth more or less than original cost. The prices of small company stocks are generally more volatile than those of large companies.

The Kaufmann Fund, Inc.

140 East 45th Street, New York, NY 10017 • Fax (212) 661-2266

See the Fund on the Internet at http: //networth.galt.com/kaufmann.18

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE WEEK

■ We know why President Clinton works so hard to make sure no one has a clue where he stands on anything. He figures, if it works for Colin Powell . . .

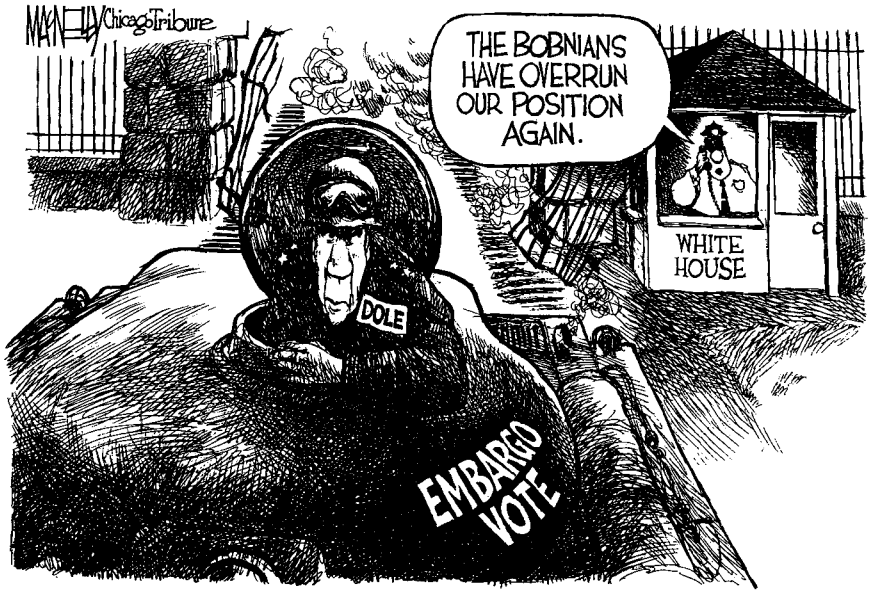
■ After a brief appearance on the Senate floor, Bob Dole's welfare-reform bill was prudently pulled. It was vulnerable to attack from all sides, but especially the Right. More than twenty senators had rallied to a conservative alternative championed by Phil Gramm—with good reason. The block grants in the Dole bill retained a tangle of strings and sops to the Health and Human Services bureaucracy (the job-training block grant was some 110 pages long and wouldn't have taken effect until July 1998). Its work provisions would have been entirely meaningless if Dole hadn't at the last minute added "pay for performance" provisions pushed by Gramm, and they would still have allowed states to count bogus training programs as "work." And the bill lacked crucial provisions to keep federal funds from subsidizing unwed motherhood. (Sen. Packwood reportedly said such restrictions would be a violation of women's reproductive rights.) If the bill had gone forward this month, it seemed likely only to get worse, with Dole promising new child-care measures and GOP moderates angling for a "maintenance of effort" requirement to keep state welfare spending at current levels. Better to wait until September, when perhaps the Senate leadership will have embraced welfare reform worthy of the name.

■ There won't be much R&R over the August recess for nervous House Republicans who have been sent home with talking points, charts, and video cassettes to make the case for a radical restructuring of Medicare. In the words of one leadership staffer, the members have been in "boot camp" for the past three months, honing a Medicare reform message that will withstand the Democrats' "Mediscare" campaign, which alleges that Republicans will slash spending to give tax cuts to the rich. Republicans believe the report issued in April by the Medicare Trustees, which forecast the program's bankruptcy by 2002, convinced the public of the need for reform. A late July CNN/*USA Today* poll indicates that 65 per cent of respondents believe Medicare has serious problems, warranting "drastic action." Republicans will unveil their plan for Medicare in mid September; meanwhile they are stressing their commitment to the program, to the 40 per cent increase in spending per capita over the next seven years, and to the expanded choices they hope to include in their reform, including Medical Savings Accounts. A final vote is expected within a month of the GOP plan's introduction. As long as it provides the elderly a real choice of coverage, with no bias in favor of managed care, Republicans can fend off the charge that their plan is warmed-over Clintonism using HMOs to ration care. Speaker Gingrich believes that Medicare reform will be the biggest challenge facing his troops in this high-stakes Congress. They're well trained, they're armed with the facts, and they'll have a detailed plan. But with Medicare as the battleground and the AARP aligned with the Democrats, Newt might want to call on the House chaplain too.

■ GOP charges that President Clinton gave the final go-ahead for the deadly tank assault against the Branch Davidian compound in Waco are ridiculous. That would have required making a decision.

■ On September 12, the Reverend Jesse Jackson and the Reverend Al Sharpton plan to hold a prayer vigil outside the home of Justice Clarence Thomas. They want Thomas to "repent" his opinions on the Supreme Court. Broadly speaking, Thomas's opinions have reflected his view that the law should be color-blind and his regard for the Tenth Amendment. Jackson and Sharpton apparently view this as not merely mistaken but as sinful. No word yet on whether Tawana Brawley will come to the mourners' bench.

■ The number of shooting murders in New York City has dropped by 40 per cent over the last year. The reason: police keep their eyes open for minor offenders—subway turnstile jumpers, public drinkers, loud boombox players—and then frisk them if they act



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

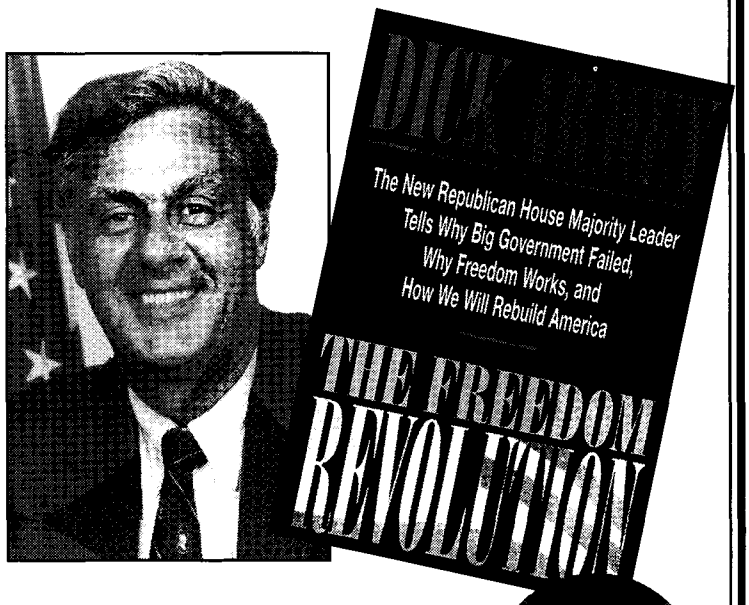
Dick Armey's *Freedom Revolution*

The most far-reaching proposal *ever* from a sitting congressional leader

After the Contract with America, what next? Rest on our laurels?

Hardly. Rep. Dick Armey, key architect of the Contract, now calls for a new American revolution, a radical return to the limited government of the Founding Fathers.

- In *The Freedom Revolution*, Armey shows how free people can take power back from government, and proposes a breathtaking plan for smashing the ruling Washington establishment . . .
- *Cut government by HALF*: 12 major programs on Armey's hit list
- *Scrap the tax code*; replacing it with a flat tax
- *End the government monopoly on public schools*—returning power to parents
- *Free the economy* from arrogant federal regulators and "put all the little *potentates on the Potomac* in their place."
- *Social Security*? Hold government to the same standard as private investment funds.
- *ZERO tolerance for lawbreakers*, taking the profit out of crime


DICK ARMEY
The New Republican House Majority Leader Tells Why Big Government Failed, Why Freedom Works, and How We Will Rebuild America
THE FREEDOM REVOLUTION

YOURS FREE!

"Dick Armey is a pioneer on the trail toward common sense government. This book shows us the way." —*Rush Limbaugh*

Arriving in Congress in 1984, Armey rocketed into the leadership, lancing liberal myths all the way with his trade mark wit and common-sense style. After a decade behind the lines, he shows why freedom works and Big Government failed. Among Dick's gems:

- "The politics of greed always comes wrapped in the language of love."
- "Compassion without understanding can be cruel."
- "You no longer have to be knowledgeable at all to be an expert. You just have to be 'concerned' or 'passionate.' . . . I will never forget the congressional hearing I once watched on agriculture policy. The witnesses: Jane Fonda, Jessica Lange, and Sissy Spacek—on hand to share the knowledge they'd recently acquired playing farm women in movies. . . .
- "Republicans, haunted by the fear that the public will not understand, are reluctant to state their views bluntly. Democrats are always afraid the public will understand, so they distort information early and often."
- "You can't put your finger on a problem when you've got it to the wind."

How to get this $24.95 book absolutely free!

How the Club Works

Every 4 weeks (13 times a year) you get a free copy of the Club Bulletin which reviews and offers you a fine selection of the most important books for conservatives like you. ★ If you want the Featured Selection, do nothing; it will come automatically. ★ If you don't want the Featured Selection or you want an Alternate, indicate your wishes on the handy card enclosed with your Bulletin and return it by the deadline date. ★ The majority of Club books are offered at 20-50% discounts, plus a charge for shipping and handling. ★ As soon as you buy and pay for 3 books at regular Club prices, your membership may be ended at any time, either by you or by the Club. ★ If you ever receive a Featured Selection without having had 10 days to decide if you want it, you may return it at Club expense for full credit. ★ The Club will offer regular Superbargains, mostly at 70-90% discounts, plus shipping and handling. Superbargains do not count toward fulfilling your Club obligation, but do enable you to buy fine books at giveaway prices. ★ Only one membership per household.

CONSERVATIVE BOOK CLUB

33 Oakland Avenue • Harrison, N.Y. 10528

Please accept my membership in the Club and send me Dick Armey's FREEDOM REVOLUTION, a $24.95 value, absolutely FREE. In return, I agree to buy 3 additional books at regular Club bargain prices (usually 20-50% off list) over the next 18 months. I also agree to the Club's other simple rules spelled out in this coupon.

NR-262

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

suspiciously when approached. Gun-toting thugs, scared of losing their guns over a loud rap song, are leaving them at home. Some of the highest-crime areas in the city have not had a single shooting since the program began on June 1. Sadly, instead of praising the police, the New York Civil Liberties Union and other civil-rights advocates have attacked the program as discriminatory toward blacks and Hispanics in poor areas. Well, crime fighting has got to happen where the crime is. Don't break any laws and you won't get frisked. Law-abiding citizens have lived in fear of the thugoisie long enough. It's time thugs feared the law.

■ Republican presidential candidates would rather have gone to the Vatican for an audience with John Paul II than to Dallas for a confab with Ross Perot. You only have to kiss the Pope's ring.

■ As the debate over affirmative action heated up, Jack Kemp urged Republicans not to run "a campaign that separates people by race and by gender." A number of conservatives, including *NR*, jumped on him for jumping on us (see "Equality of Opportunism," Aug. 14). Responding in the *Washington Post*, Kemp explains what he means by "affirmative action"—which turns out to be the supply-side gospel. Calling quotas "antithetical to the genius of the American idea," Kemp calls for school choice, reforming the tax code, enterprise zones, and free trade. If he added keeping out unskilled aliens who snap up starter jobs from poor Americans, we'd be perfectly pleased, but four completions in five plays is good work, quarterback.

■ A study on affirmative action carried out for Rep. Pat Schroeder (D., Colo.) concluded that affirmative-action remedies for minorities and women in education have not worked. So she is having the report rewritten to reflect her previous views—namely that affirmative-action remedies for minorities and women have worked and need to be expanded. Call it affirmative action for disadvantaged ideas.

Mr. Clinton's Chickens

Wu's incommunicado.
The Mexicans hawk drugs.
Croatia's gone ballistic.
D'Amato lifts the rugs.
Perot holds court in Dallas.
Nussbaum's on Red Alert.
Nobody knows from Jesse.
The Mrs. looks inert.

—W. H. VON DREELE

■ Will the amalgam of three unions—auto workers, steel workers, and machinists—wield more power than the sum of its parts? When it comes to lobbying politicians or playing hardball with management, one big slush fund can do far more than three smaller ones. But unionism's decline has little to do with politics or the managerial mindset. Currently only 11 per cent of private employment is unionized. That's less than a third of the peak 36 per cent in 1953. Foreign competition and deregulation of key domestic industries have contributed to the decline. But there has also been a profound change in worker attitudes—except in the public sector. White-collar workers now constitute a majority in both the service and manufacturing sectors. They reject the notion that management's losses are labor's gains. Not surprisingly, surveys show that white-collar workers overwhelmingly prefer individual representation to union representation. An educated workforce may be the biggest union-buster since the Pinkertons.

■ According to Rep. Lincoln Diaz-Balart (R., Fla.), Fidel Castro boasts that he has no difficulty blackmailing the U.S. because "Clinton has no backbone and his knees shake." We resent that characterization. We can't necessarily deny it, but we resent it.

■ Last year *NR* suggested that the International Republican Institute was poorly managed and needed to be shaken up or shut down ("The Week," Oct. 10). A flurry of indignant letters assured us that the IRI was in mint condition, and accomplishing near miracles in promoting democracy and human rights abroad. Now it seems that the powers that be have come around to our point of view, for IRI Board Chairman Sen. John McCain (R., Ariz.) fired IRI President Bruce McColm at the beginning of August. But the IRI Board still cannot bring itself to look for first-rate Republican talent. Last time around, a nominating committee talked to GOP foreign-policy hands like Elliott Abrams, Paula Dobriansky, and John Bolton—then kowtowed when Sen. McCain insisted on Mr. McColm, who, though he had an impressive record in human-rights activities, was not even a Republican. This time, the nominating committee did not bother to meet. Sen. McCain insisted on promoting IRI Vice President Lorne Craner, a former McCain Senate staffer. Mr. Craner may be the man for the job, but his role in the IRI under its last two presidents raises doubts. Apparently IRI Board members get free trips abroad, attend a few meetings, and vote as they are told. Kind of like being Cuba's ambassador to the UN.

■ Jacques Chirac set off a public-relations explosion in June when he announced that France, after a three-year moratorium, would conduct eight underground nuclear tests in the Mururoa coral atoll in French Polynesia. Australia, Japan, and New Zealand have protested and organized anti-French boycotts. The ubiquitous

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

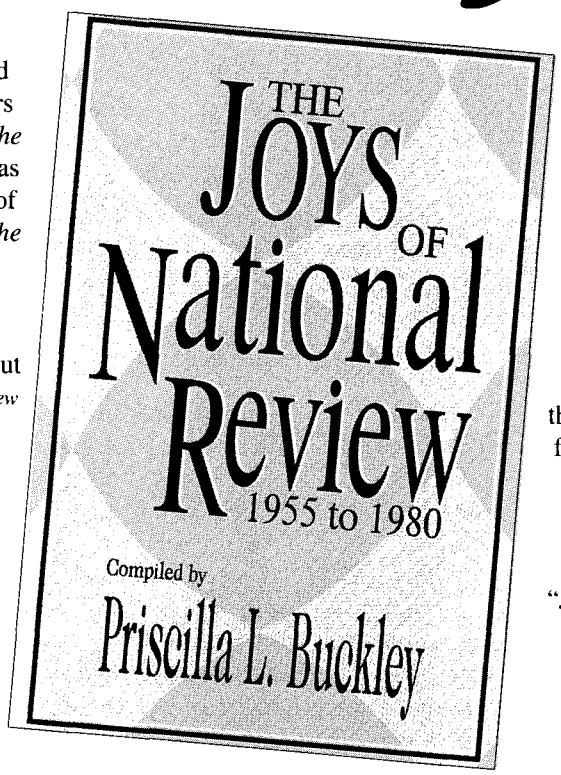
ODE TO *JOYS*

"I found myself not only delighted but not infrequently moved to tears as I leafed through the pages of *The Joys of National Review*. . . *NR* was the alma mater of my generation of conservatives, and the pieces in *The Joys of National Review* were our required reading. They made us, and history, too."

— Terry Teachout
in *National Review*

". . . a cornucopia of super readings . . . This book is a piece of American history and it must not get the usual silent treatment by the media. In 1995, this is the book which tells how 1994 happened."

— Arnold Beichman
Hoover Institution



". . . a wonderful tribute to *National Review* and its writers . . ."

— Paul Gigot
The Wall Street Journal

"Liberals always want to know how conservatives acquire their unorthodox views. From now on, no laborious explanations are required. Just let them page through the hard-headed, fact-filled, passionate, and unfailingly witty collection that Priscilla Buckley has brilliantly culled from the first 25 years of *National Review* — and that will be the answer."

— Mona Charen
Syndicated Columnist

"*Joys* impossible to put down . . . there are so many treasures here."

— Kevin Lynch
Radio Free Europe, Munich

It's the Most Joyful Way to Celebrate the 40th Anniversary of America's Most Literate Magazine

It is, quite simply, *the* collection of the best writings from the early years of America's best-written magazine.

It brims with dazzling articles, editorials, reviews, delectations, and commentaries that take you back to a "golden" era of young, exuberant, aggressive, conservative journalism.

It is a masterpiece that distills the spirit–that special mix of editorial feistiness, sharp wit, and political nose-thumbing–of Bill Buckley's (then) brand-new journal of opinion.

"It" is a fantastic new book, ***The Joys of National Review, 1955-1980,*** that every conservative–indeed, anyone who loves good writing–*must* have in his personal library.

Compiled and edited by Priscilla Buckley, ***The Joys of National Review*** features celebrated writers in moments of literary perfection: people such as William F. Buckley Jr., George Will, Whittaker Chambers, James Jackson Kilpatrick, Clare Boothe Luce, James Burnham, Priscilla Buckley, John Chamberlain, John Simon, Jeffrey Hart, Richard Brookhiser, Russell Kirk, William Rusher, Hugh Kenner, Bill Rickenbacker, Joan Didion, John Dos Passos, and Evelyn Waugh.

Cuddle up with ***The Joys of National Review*** (it's a great gift, and a great way for you to celebrate *NR*'s 40th Anniversary!) and you'll not only enjoy unsurpassed writing, you'll also discover (or *re*discover) *the* youthful essence of America's premier opinion journal. As the late Bill Rickenbacker put it in his fascinating foreword to the book:

> "It was almost forty years ago and we were young and full of beans and really didn't give a tinker's dam about anything or anybody except maybe our souls and the relation between them and the Mind of God and maybe the almost equally sacred duty we felt to shake up an Establishment besotted and far gone in statism, sober it up, wipe the drivel off its face, and return it to navigating the good straight course laid out by those heroes, our Founding Fathers."

That mission is far from over. But its earliest efforts–captured so wonderfully by Priscilla Buckley–are still a joy to behold.

Get your copy of ***The Joys of National Review*** today. The handsome, hardcover edition is only $25.00, and additional copies are just $20 each. And if you order now, we'll pay for the shipping and handling charges.

Don't miss out on the joy.

YES, I want to celebrate *NR*'s 40th Anniversary. Please send me _____ copies of ***The Joys of National Review*** (@ $25.00 for the first copy, $20.00 for each additional book). I enclose payment of $ _____. Send to:

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

PAYMENT METHOD

☐ Check Bill My: ☐ MasterCard ☐ Visa

Signature _____

Acct. No. _____

Expir. Date _____

Make checks payable to National Review.
Mail to: National Review/JOYS,
150 East 35th St., New York, NY 10016
Foreign Orders add $4.00 per copy.
NY residents add appropriate sales tax.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Greenpeace is in the act, too, getting ready to infiltrate the site, even though the environmental risks are negligible: the blasts occur deep in the core of an extinct underground volcano; no radioactivity can escape because the blast's heat vitrifies the rock. *Cherchez la politique*. Anti-nuclear agitation is always directed against Western defense policies and strategies. (No one pressured China to give up its recent testing.) If Greenpeace can veto French defense decisions, it will try to veto ours next. We back Jacques.

■ China announced that Harry Wu has confessed to stealing files from Vincent Foster's office, setting the fire that destroyed the Branch Davidian compound, and causing *Waterworld* to go millions of dollars over budget.

■ A recent issue of Wellesley College's alumnae magazine contained an article slamming Harvard's legendary President Charles Eliot as a male chauvinist, claiming that in an 1899 address at Wellesley he had said that women's colleges were "superfluities." A Wellesley alumna looked up Eliot's address. In fact, he had said: "The colleges for women are still regarded by many people as superfluities." He then proceeded to disagree vigorously with that view. The alumna sent the correction to the magazine and to the faculty. She received no answer. The magazine made no correction. Instead it printed gleeful letters to the editor based on the assumption of Eliot's chauvinism. Could a Wellesley freshman hand in an English-comp paper using such shoddy methods? Only in the service of such shoddy ideas.

■ Paragon Cable company of New York had the inspired idea of dealing with deadbeat customers by taking away all channels except C-SPAN, forcing them to pay up or else watch the United States Government at work. Money is pouring in.

General Clinton on Bosnia

If everyone will please stand still
Or, anyway, just back and fill
Until November (that's the one
In '96, so don't play dumb),
I'll gentle Jacques while stroking John
Until I cross the Rubicon
(No, not the Drina, for God's sake!),
Then . . . Hey guys, it's a piece of cake.

—W. H. von Dreele

Celebrating V-J Day

FIFTY years after V-J Day, the contestants in the Pacific war have experienced a curious role reversal. Japan, the aggressor, sees itself as an injured party, possibly an innocent one, while in the United States there is widespread unease over the means by which victory was won.

Imagine a similar mindset applied to the European war. German ruins would be international pilgrimage sites, preserved to commemorate the horrors of war. Russian, British, and American veterans might block revisionist exhibits on D-Day and the Eastern Front, but the moral malaise would linger. A few aging Jews and Slavs would complain about their treatment, and lame apologies would issue from the Reichstag, but the sites of concentration camps would be known, if at all, only to historical specialists.

One great cause of the difference is the atom bomb. It explains some of Japan's amnesia, and virtually all of America's second thoughts.

There are two ways to judge the dropping of the atom bomb. One is the calculus of effects. As the Pacific war neared Japan, American casualties were heavy. The soldiers scheduled to invade Honshu, and the Allied prisoners facing starvation or execution in Japanese camps, owed their lives to the bomb. The novelist George MacDonald Fraser, in a memoir of the Burma campaign, *Quartered Safe Out Here*, confronts a Hiroshima critic with their situation. "[The critic] was unwise enough to say that we were soldiers, the bomb victims were civilians . . . [I pointed] out that we were, in fact, civilians too—civilians in uniform, and could he understand our possible resentment that people whose lives and liberties we had been fighting to protect (him, in fact) should be ready to expend us for the sake of enemy civilians?"

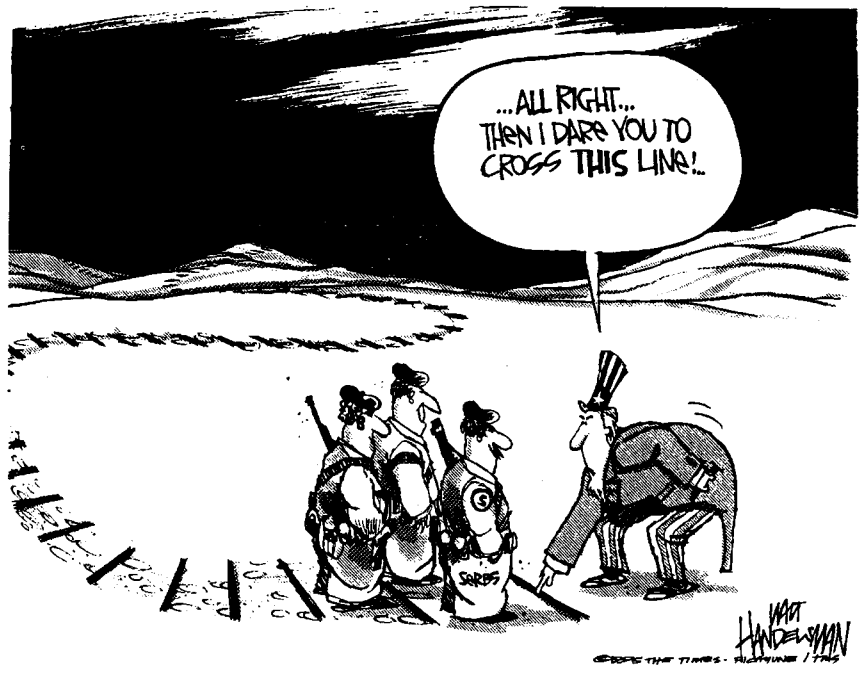
Japanese casualties during the same period were staggering. Half the population of Okinawa died when that island fell in the summer of 1945. Japanese hardliners, who controlled the government until the end, were prepared to "eat grass, swallow dirt, and lie in the fields" during the struggle for the home islands. As they ate and swallowed, they would have been hammered by thousand-plane B-29 raids (more Japanese died in the bombing of Tokyo than in either Hiroshima or Nagasaki). Yet travails of this kind had not brought Japan to its knees. Only the dreadful economy of two planes, and two bombs, shocked Hirohito into taking control of his government and suing for peace. By any rational judgment of probable alternatives, the bombings saved hundreds of thousands of lives.

Another point of vantage is the analysis of intentions, according to traditional doctrines of proportionality. Was it wrong to target civilians, even to achieve such a result? That was a Rubicon that had been crossed by the Allies (with far slighter results) when

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

they began bombing German and Japanese cities years earlier. It was a Rubicon that had first been forded by Germany and Japan, in Warsaw and Nanking. The political lesson is to avoid, by deterrence and diplomacy, total war in a modern age. Indeed, no atom bomb has been dropped in anger since 1945—in part because of the lingering effect of those that were.

The bomb has allowed Japan to see itself as a victim. Unreformed aspects of the Japanese character, as William Letwin discusses in this issue, prevent it from seeing itself as a victimizer. General MacArthur's Occupation, so successful in its economic and political programs, failed to put the historical case to the conquered. Japan, as an island nation, was also insulated from the moral pressures of its neighbors, in a way that Germany—cheek by jowl with the Netherlands and France—was not.



The results are startling. In Japan, convicted war criminals have a club, called the Changi Society, named after the prison in which many of them (briefly) spent time. "It's just like a schoolboys' reunion," one member recently told the London *Spectator*. There is a monument to the memory of executed war criminals in Tokyo. The government's recent apology for Japanese conduct did not mention the war, and even this study in vagueness was opposed by MPs who defended the war as a fight for self-defense against white colonialists. President Clinton's decision to celebrate the war's end in Honolulu as Victory in the Pacific, instead of V-J Day, does not help matters.

Japan is ill served by these outrageous evasions. The point of memory is not to live in the past, but to exorcise it by acknowledging it. America is ill served by them too. We were attacked by a crazed and savage regime. We fought back. After we won, we behaved with unprecedented magnanimity. That is worth celebrating.

Get Used to It

NOT long ago conventional wisdom was poohpoohing Republican chances in the 1994 elections. Fifty-two new Republican seats later, conventional wisdom—aptly incarnated in Kevin Phillips, writing in the *Washington Post*—compared the 104th Congress to the short-lived GOP majority won in 1946. "Gingrich's crowd makes the 80th Congress—which [lost] 75 Republican House members and 9 senators in 1948—look like a convention of wise men by comparison." Are Republicans headed for the dustbin before they make it out of the broom closet?

The case for the declining hegemony of the GOP rests on three (alleged) phenomena: the unpopularity of Newt Gingrich; the uncertainty of a distrustful public about the sweep of Republican changes; and the comeback of Bill Clinton. The fact that Newt Gingrich is "the most unpopular Speaker of the House ever" reflects little more than the fact that he is the first high-profile Speaker of the new media age, advancing an aggressive, buck-the-establishment agenda. It's also a quirk of his personality that he comes off poorly in the soundbites that are the coin of 1990s politics. But focus groups suggest that the more people see of Gingrich the more they like him. Once his message is given a chance, it resonates. The best-seller status of his new book, *To Renew America*, confirms this point.

But is the message itself too radical? A March *Washington Post* poll showed 59 per cent worrying that Republicans would "go too far in helping the rich and cutting needed government services that benefit average Americans as well as the poor." But some nervousness is to be expected; cutting government is a public service that is rewarded only after the fact, as Michigan Governor John Engler's recovery from dismal early polls shows. Washington still oozes arrogance and a vague corruption, for which PAC-squeezing Republicans must now shoulder some of the blame. But Republicans will be fine as long as they give the electorate reason to believe that they keep promises and make the tough choices necessary for a broader good.

Now, President Clinton supposedly enjoys rebounding popularity thanks to his own tough choices. The *Wall Street Journal* recently ran a story touting the fact that Clinton's approval rating was holding steady at 47 per cent. But excuse us: Clinton's approval rating has *always* been somewhere in the 40s. It's going to be difficult for him to get beyond that plateau because some parts of his program are out of sympathy with the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

American public, others are a me-too version of the GOP agenda. The Republicans' occupation of the conservative ground on every issue from taxes to welfare is their most precious political asset. As soon as they relinquish it to be "responsible" or "mainstream"—as President Bush did on taxes—they give Democrats a chance to flank them on the right and flay them for their hypocrisy.

Republicans are going with the flow of history. Five Democrats have switched parties in the last ten months. (A sixth, Mike Parker of Mississippi, should be coming over soon, leaving Republicans just one switcher short of taking House Democrats below what Newt Gingrich considers the psychologically important 200 mark.) On average, 42 per cent of Democrats voted for the items in the Contract with America. Indeed, the Democrats arguably are more divided than the Republicans, who make headlines in the *New York Times* every time a moderate sneezes. The Republicans won a key vote on the EPA early this month not just because 11 Democrats didn't show up, but because 32 voted with the Republicans. Latest party-switcher Billy Tauzin, a politician attuned to the feelings of the voters if there ever was one, says the party's position on the EPA pushed him over the edge.

So Republicans just need to keep moving. *NR* readers have seen a lot in our pages about various GOP betrayals of the "revolution": the survival (so far) of the National Endowment for the Arts, the Corporation for Public Broadcasting, Legal Services, and assorted Cabinet departments; the reluctance to take on gut issues like affirmative action and immigration; the fear—still, amazingly—of social issues. But these disappointments have generally arisen not because of cave-ins by Newt Gingrich or even Bob Dole, but despite their best efforts to push the GOP agenda as far right as possible. Too often they have bumped against the realities of moderates in the House (who, on the whole, have been remarkably cooperative) or of the Old Bulls and the filibuster in the Senate. The only way to change those realities is more election victories. The New Deal wasn't won in 1932, but in 1934 and 1936 and every subsequent election that ratified the new order. So it is with 1994. The "revolution" is still pending. It will arrive only if the GOP stays the course, which will mean being more wise than conventional.

Three Hands Clapping

AMERICA'S stake in East Asia's prosperity is much commented on. Less commented on is the degree to which that prosperity has depended on harmonious relations among China, Japan, and the United States—a unique geopolitical conjunction which is now in jeopardy, thanks to the shortsightedness of leaders in all these countries.

China is re-arming at a rapid rate, having more than doubled its military budget since Tiananmen; Japan too is building up militarily, though more slowly. Each fears the other, the smaller countries of East Asia fear both, and they all look to the United States as a source of reassurance. North Korea remains a wild card. The American balancing role is still essential.

What is to be said, then, of a U.S. foreign policy that has provoked bitter quarrels with both major Asian powers simultaneously? We should not condone China's detention of Harry Wu, its weapons sales in the Middle East, or its threats against Taiwan, nor should we condone Japanese protectionism. But the U.S. Government has squandered its influence by its indiscriminate pressures on all these matters (not to mention its habit of backing down afterward). America needs a long-term strategy in Asia.

If the U.S. is truly worried about China as a future geopolitical problem, its first resort should be to solidify its alliance with Japan (not to pay obsequious visits to Hanoi, as Warren Christopher just did). Much of our leverage over Japanese trade practices, in turn, comes from Japan's sense of strategic partnership with us. Somebody tell Mickey Kantor.

The Chinese gerontocracy is probably heading toward a final *crise de régime* which will produce real change on human rights and Taiwan. Our best long-term bet is on democracy. But in the meantime unless we remain a major *military* power in Asia, our influence will continue to dwindle—with ominous and unpredictable consequences. Somebody please tell Bill Clinton (and the GOP budget-cutters in Congress).

A Job-Free Environment

VICE President Gore frequently insists that environmental protection and economic growth can go hand in hand, and it's a dirty right-wing lie to say anything to the contrary. Tell that to Intel, the computer-chip manufacturer, which is saying that if the Environmental Protection Agency implements a new operating-permit system it will have to locate all its new factories abroad.

The typical Intel factory makes an average of thirty to sixty significant changes in its operations each year, "ramping up" the production of new sorts of chips and changing the ways it makes older sorts. Under Title V of the Clean Air Act the EPA proposes to require Intel—as a defined "major source" of pollution—to apply for a new operating permit for each factory each time it makes any change.

The EPA defines as a "major source" of pollution a factory that "has the potential" to emit 10 tons a year of any one of 179 listed hazardous air pollutants or 25 tons of some combination of them. The killer word is "potential." If a fork lift *might* run loose and knock

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

over a couple of barrels of volatile liquid, prudence and corporate lawyers will dictate that the company apply for the permit, lest it face fines of $25,000 per day (plus criminal charges) for however long it operates without one. Even a change designed to *reduce* pollution or energy use will require a new permit.

Applying for a permit is easier said than done. Each permit application requires several hundred pages of data specifying the operations and the amounts of emissions and potential emissions, plus a responsible officer's certification of compliance and "attestation" to the truth, accuracy, and completeness of each application (opening the door to prosecutions for fraud and perjury). After the application is filed, there are 30 days for public comment, 45 days for the agency to object (if it objects), 90 days for revisions to be considered, 60 days for "citizen" (read Environmental Defense Fund/Sierra Club Legal Defense Fund) petitions . . . on it goes.

And all that has to be redone every time there's a "significant" change in operations, which for Intel has been thirty to sixty times per factory per year. At the newest $2-billion Pentium plant, that could rise to "hundreds" of times a year. A three-to-four-month de-

RIGHT DATA

The Slippery Slope

THE Left has come up with a good story. The widening income gap between the rich and the middle-class has produced an even wider chasm in total wealth—the "Widest in the West," says the *New York Times*. Today, as in the 1980s, Republicans aim to perpetuate, if not widen, economic inequality with tax cuts for the wealthy. Actual data tell a very different tale.

Families with annual incomes of $50,000 and over (the richest 20 per cent) saw their real net worth grow by just 6.6 per cent between 1983 and 1989, according to the Federal Reserve. That was a fraction of the 19 to 29 per cent hikes enjoyed by middle- and lower-middle-class families over the same period. Admittedly, the average net worth of the poorest group appears to have stagnated at about $30,000. In tallying wealth, however, the Fed counted things like real estate, stocks, and bonds, but excluded the item that looms largest for many low-income families: Social Security. When a poor person retires, Social Security will replace about 90 per cent of his income, compared to only 29 per cent for those at the top. One reason that low-income households have accumulated so little private wealth is that public programs have weakened their incentive to do so, while payroll taxes have weakened their ability to.

It's absurd, of course, to assume that people in a given wealth bracket one year will still be there the following year. When the Joint Economic Committee studied IRS returns it found that fully 86 per cent of taxpayers in the lowest income quintile in 1979 had moved to higher brackets by 1988. About 15 per cent had climbed all the way to the top quintile.

The Middle Class Gets Richer Faster

(Thousands of 1989 Dollars)

	Average Net Worth		
	1983	1989	% Change
Family Income			
Below $10,000	$30.0	$30.1	0.3%
$10,000–$19,999	53.0	63.1	19.1
$20,000–$29,999	69.5	89.6	28.9
$30,000–$49,999	117.6	150.2	27.7
Over $50,000	550.5	586.7	6.6
Family Wealth			
Wealthiest 1%	4,731.1	6,010.5	27.0
Next 9%	593.2	563.7	-5.0

Source: Federal Reserve and Joint Economic Committee

Similarly, the 1987 stock-market "correction," combined with collapsing real-estate prices, played hob with the portfolios of many rich people during the 1980s. As a result, more than half the people in 1979's richest 1 per cent were not found among 1988's richest 1 per cent.

Still, many believe that "old money"—vast pools of inherited wealth—lies behind the widening economic disparities in this country. This perception has fueled calls for higher estate taxes. While seemingly plausible, it turns out that inheritance plays a trivial role, even among the wealthy. A recent Rand Corporation study found that in the wealthiest 5 per cent of households, assets totaled $843,598 when inheritances were included. Without inheritances, these assets totaled $780,641. James P. Smith, the economist author of the Rand study, says two-thirds of all white households and 90 per cent of minority ones have never inherited any financial assets. Even if you taxed away 100 per cent of all inheritances, more than 90 per cent of the disparities in wealth would remain, according to Smith.

Income differences explain most of the wealth gap, especially among different racial groups. Health also matters. Households of average wealth, but reporting a decline in health, had about $40,000 less wealth after one year than those in the same category whose health remained the same. Those with improved health had $80,000 more wealth. In general, households in excellent health had more than four times as much wealth as those in poor health.

Family values also affect the distribution of wealth. The average accumulated wealth for married couples in the 51 to 61 age group is $132,200. That's 15 times larger than the average wealth of households headed by a separated person in this age range, and 4 times the average wealth of divorced households. The decline of marriage has played a role—largely unappreciated—in the long-term fall of our national savings rate.

—Ed Rubenstein

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Locker Room Strikes Back

With towels at the ready
While hurling bars of soap,
The men struck from the showers
And gave the Old Boys hope,
But Boxer, although soggy,
Will hang around for more,
So say a prayer for Packwood,
Who sweats behind the door.

—W. H. VON DREELE

lay in any one of these paper jams could mean the difference between Intel and another company getting a significant chunk of market share, hence the difference between profit and loss for the whole corporation.

Ben Lieberman of the Competitive Enterprise Institute notes that the new Title V permit procedures give activists who dislike a particular corporation or industry a powerful new weapon. They'll be able to peruse the *Federal Register* each day, note the new and revised permit applications lodged, and file petitions to deny, triggering public hearings or 60-day extensions and court cases. Unless of course the companies settle out of court. Environmental laws like this institutionalize extortion. The Clean Air Act provides for litigation expenses to be recoverable by the civil plaintiffs, and for penalties to be paid, not just as fines to the U.S. Treasury but as "beneficial mitigation projects" *run by the plaintiffs*. Lieberman points out that disgruntled former employees and even competitors can exploit the new EPA system.

AT&T and pharmaceutical manufacturers have joined Intel in saying the proposed permit changes are so onerous and open to abuse that they will drive their operations offshore. Of course we could be unkind and remind these folks that they seemed very enthusiastic about the Clinton–Gore team in 1992. But they could respond that these changes are being made under the Clean Air Act amendments supported by the Bush Administration in 1990.

Justice for Medea

PERHAPS the best thing to be said for the trial of Susan Smith is that, unlike the legal circus being conducted in Los Angeles, it was brief. Both testimony and deliberation were handled with dispatch. Indeed there was little to deliberate upon. After two and a half hours, the jury decided that Mrs. Smith murdered her two young sons last October by drowning them under the dark waters of John D. Long Lake. But the response to Mrs. Smith's sentencing—life imprisonment with possibility of parole in 30 years—has also revealed lingering confusion about capital punishment in the public mind.

A few days after the decision, the *New York Times* praised the jury's restraint in not calling for the death penalty, which the *Times* called "vengeful." The death penalty, of course, has nothing to do with vengeance. Historically, it replaced the blood thirst of private revenge by making capital crimes offenses against society, which, being at a remove from the emotional entanglements of private grudges, metes out punishment deliberately through the just offices of the state.

A penal code exists not only to protect the community, but to punish criminals according to their crimes. It deals with justice as well as public safety. Even if Susan Smith is unlikely to drown more people, she had already drowned two. Why did the jury not impose the death penalty?

The arguments advanced are roughly as follows: Capital punishment is best reserved for callous murders committed by strangers, rather than for "family murders" where passion and betrayal have driven out reason. We have some sympathy for the first half of this argument: random murderers threaten everyone, and cry out for deterrence. But even if clemency is sometimes right for crimes within the family, does Mrs. Smith deserve it? She had been sexually exploited by her stepfather and jilted by a boyfriend. However painful such experiences, they would not justify murdering the perpetrators, still less two innocent children. If she wanted to rid herself of them, she could have given them to her ex-husband. There is a dark horror about the thought of her watching for six minutes as the car sank and her sons drowned. It is hard to imagine that Susan Smith would wish to continue living and thinking about it. Hard to imagine what would deserve the death penalty if this crime does not.

NOTES & ASIDES

■ Dear Bill:

I thought the cables and memos attached here would instruct you on the emphasis being placed by the Foreign Service on getting the words just right.

Cordially,
Alistair
Nantucket, Mass.

FOR CA/OCS/CCS
SAN JOSE FOR CONSUL ACS
E. O. 12356: N/A
TAGS: CASC, SNAR, ES

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SUBJECT: AMCITS [American citizens] DEPLANED FOR IN-FLIGHT INDISCRETIONS AND DRUG POSSESSION.

1. AT APPROXIMATELY 09:00 HOURS ON FEBRUARY 9, CONOFF WAS NOTIFIED BY CONTACT AT THE COMPALA INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT THAT AN AMERICAN CITIZEN HUSBAND AND WIFE, TRAVELING ON UNITED AIRLINES FLIGHT FROM LOS ANGELES TO SAN JOSE, C.R., HAD BEEN REMOVED FROM THE FLIGHT IN EL SALVADOR AND DENIED FURTHER TRAVEL ON UNITED AIRCRAFT. APPARENTLY THE TWO WERE DETECTED FORNICATING INDISCREETLY IN THE FIRST CLASS RESTROOM DURING THE FLIGHT TO EL SALVADOR AND WERE PUT OFF THE PLANE HERE. A SUBSEQUENT SEARCH OF THEIR LUGGAGE AND PERSONS REVEALED "RECREATIONAL AMOUNTS" OF MARIJUANA AND COCAINE.

2. THE TWO WERE DETAINED BY SALVADORAN POLICE WHO DETERMINED THAT THE DRUGS WERE FOR PERSONAL USE AND THE TWO TRAVELERS, WHO WERE CONSIDERED TO BE IN TRANSIT AND NOT SUBJECT TO ELSL JURISDICTION, WERE ALLOWED TO PROCEED TO COSTA RICA, WHICH THEY DID ON A LATER (NOT UNITED) FLIGHT. THE DRUGS WERE CONFISCATED BY GOES AUTHORITIES.

Memo to: [Conoff]
From: [Officer at State]
Subject: For what it's worth

Ref San Sal 1200 about the Amcits kicked off the United flight. We observe that the word "fornication" is used for relations between UNMARRIED people. Ref couple was married, so a different verb or figure of speech would have been more appropriate. Thanks.

Memo to: CA/OCS/CCO
From: [Officer in Guatemala]
Subject: For what it's worth

Can't tell you what it was worth, being a non-participant. But my dictionary tells me you used the wrong F word. The *American Heritage Dictionary*, New College Edition, page 531, defines the word "f---" as vulgar usage (remember, I'm a consular officer, not a diplomat) for "to have sexual intercourse with." Use of the word "fornication" is popular with television evangelists of the Jerry Falwell, Pat Robertson, Jimmy Swaggert ilk. As such, it has perhaps made its way into common usage. You should share these reactions to your telegram with William Safire for inclusion in his periodic column on American usage. But, speaking of F words, no one has accused your cable of epitomizing that great Foreign Service literary tradition: Fudge!

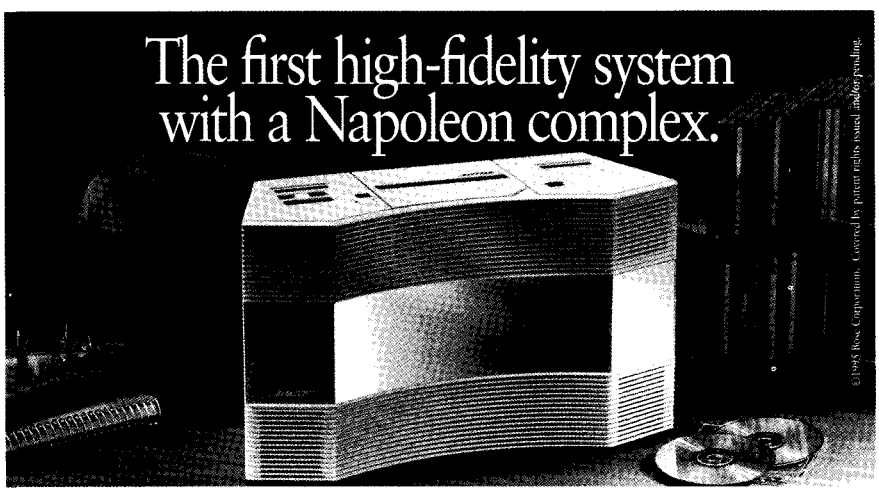
Memo to: [Officer in Guatemala]
From: [Consul General]
Subject: For what it's worth

Thanks, Webster.

I keep trying to ejukate these guys, but what can you expect from consular officers?

Memo to: Consular SOP
From: [Consul General]

In all cases in which consular officers have cause to report on consensual intimate relations between persons married one to the other, the word "fornicate" or "fornication" shall not be used because it would imply that there is doubt on the part of the reporting officer as to whether the supposedly married couple is, in fact, actually married. In cases in which the officer has reason (repeat, has reason) to believe that a couple reportedly married is not and is engaging in intimate relations, use the phrases "allegedly married couple" and "were engaged in intercourse" (or making love, or similar phrase), but do not mix "allegedly married" with the term "fornication." Remember, in order to fornicate two individuals must not be married to one another. If they divorce, they may then fornicate, and the reporting officer may use the word. **—WFB**



It may be small. But the Bose® Acoustic Wave® music system is definitely an overachiever. The unit holds a compact disc player (or cassette), AM/FM radio, and Bose's patented acoustic waveguide speaker technology. And produces a rich, natural sound quality comparable to audio systems costing thousands of dollars. We know, that's hard to believe. So we're ready to prove it. Call or write now for our complimentary guide to this award-winning system. Because, like the system itself, it is only available direct from Bose.

BOSE®
Better sound through research®

Name ( ) Telephone
Address
City State Zip

Call 1-800-898-BOSE, ext. W242.

Or mail to: Bose Corporation, The Mountain, Dept. CDD-W242, Framingham, MA 01701-9168.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ON THE SCENE

Moderate Success

RICH LOWRY

Roman Genn

WASHINGTON, D.C.

"I THINK Republicans across the country need to mature if they wish to govern," says Rep. James Greenwood (R., Pa.). "Keeping the base energized is important. But so is the adage that politics is about addition, not subtraction." The day before, Greenwood's politics had definitely been about adding, at least in one sense. His amendment to the Labor, Health, and Human Services appropriations bill restored $193 million of funding for Title X of the Public Health Services Act, the family-planning program that is anathema to social conservatives.

Greenwood's victory—courtesy of 56 other wayward Republicans—capped a tumultuous tug-of-war between GOP moderates and conservatives that for a week in early August strained the leadership's ability to run the House. In the end, the legislation underlying the dispute—the Labor, HHS appropriations bill—passed with its status as the most conservative product of the appropriations process intact. But the tussle over Title X underscored the intermittent ability of GOP moderates to succeed in a politics of "addition" that risks subtracting the GOP's most committed and active supporters.

Mr. Lowry is NR*'s national political reporter.*

Title X ranks with the National Endowment for the Arts and the Legal Services Corporation as a long-standing and seemingly easy conservative target. The program's language forbids any of its funds from being devoted to abortions. But Planned Parenthood, which runs clinics responsible for an estimated 134,000 abortions a year in the United States, gets roughly $30 million annually in Title X funding. The money doesn't go directly for abortions, but, as Rep. Chris Smith (R., N.J.) points out, "money that goes into the left pocket frees up funds in the right pocket to be used for abortions."

From the start, Title X had well-placed friends. The chairman of the Labor, Health, and Human Services Subcommittee of the Appropriations Committee, John Porter (Ill.), is a devotee of Planned Parenthood who could not bring himself to tighten its belt even as he presided—to his credit—over deep cuts in almost every other social program in his jurisdiction. He left Title X funding as it had been. The full Appropriations Committee had to do the lifting—abolishing Title X and converting its funds into block grants for two health programs.

Greenwood demanded a floor vote to restore the funding and got the agreement of the leadership. Smith and other social conservatives balked, arguing that Greenwood was getting special treatment. They threatened to vote against the crucial "rule" (setting the terms of debate for the bill) unless Greenwood was blocked. Greenwood and other moderates, meanwhile, threatened the same unless the amendment *could* be offered. "It's much easier on [conservatives] if we protect things from even having a vote," says one leadership aide. "The trouble is that that so angers people it makes managing the House almost impossible."

The leadership threatened to bring the bill to the floor without a rule, a meltdown scenario that would have scratched Title X funding but also all other provisions in the bill dear to conservatives. In the midst of the heated back-and-forth, one moderate suggested the two sides sit down together to hash it out. "[Majority Leader Dick] Armey said, I've done that in the past on Legal Services and on NEA and on other issues," recounts an aide. "But on this issue I'm not sure it makes sense to bring folks into the same room." Eventually they did get together and work out a compromise that allowed a vote on Greenwood—but only after a vote on an amendment that would preserve the block grants.

Once there was an agreement, Greenwood hustled. "We did nothing," he says, "except make phones calls on this issue and organize all of our efforts down to the minute." The Title X vote brought along more than the forty-some Republicans who typically defect on abortion issues. Possible swing votes like Douglas Bereuter (Neb.) and Clay Shaw (Fla.) went with Greenwood. Republicans who normally would have been susceptible to leadership pressure, like Tom Davis (Va.), a freshman subcommittee chairman, voted with Greenwood too. Says Family Research Council head Gary Bauer, "There is power in the Speaker's office which he uses quite regularly on other issues that it didn't appear he used on this one."

The leadership maintains it can't bring its leverage to bear on every issue (on abortion votes it generally doesn't "whip" at all). "Those are the kind of members we lean on pretty frequently for things," says a leadership aide. "To lean on them on abortion would probably be more leaning than could be tolerated." Nevertheless, the symbolism of the leadership effort was particularly bad. Social conservatives say they had a commitment from Gingrich that he would signal the importance of the Title X issue by ending the floor debate with a speech of his own. But when the amendment came up, he was in a Northeast Washington high school holding a forum with residents about the future of D.C.

Action on the bill the next day staved

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

off a conservative revolt. Aides say Gingrich sat down with the moderates, explaining that now that they had won one they had to give a little. The set of moderate amendments that would have preserved, among other things, a requirement that states use Medicaid funds to pay for abortion in cases of rape and incest, and that scuttled an effort to scale back lobbying by federally funded non-profits, all lost. The bill, which cuts $9.1 billion and eliminates dozens of programs including Goals 2000 and the Surgeon General's office, won 219 votes on final passage with such moderate stalwarts as Nancy Johnson (Conn.) and Chris Shays (Conn.) sticking with the leadership to vote for the bill.

Social conservatives wound up getting most of what they wanted, but are distrustful of the leadership. "Most of the social-issue conservatives feel if we hadn't been obnoxious all week, pouring calls into Newt's office and banging on the tables, all the pro-life provisions would have been in doubt," says Bauer. Moderates aren't happy either—although they can count on Arlen Specter, chairman of the relevant appropriations subcommittee, to take the conservative edges off the bill. And the leadership is caught in the middle.

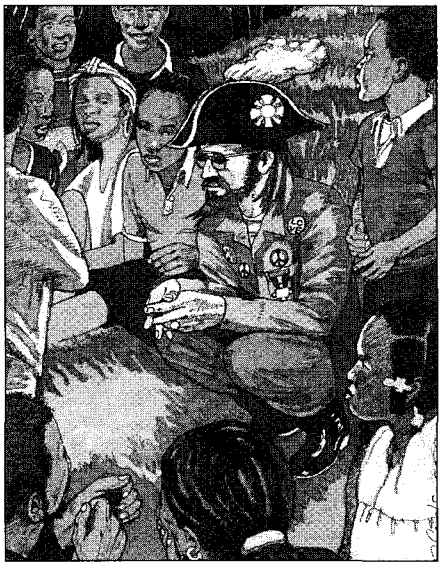
One aide explains that the trouble is that the 180-some conservatives in the Republican caucus often don't have anywhere to look for support except in their own party, while the roughly 35 moderates can combine with the Democrats. "So," he says, "what you have to do to keep this majority intact is you have to think every day what can we give [the moderates] knowing that they're swallowing eight out of every ten things. The trouble is the conservatives want ten out of every ten things. So what can we give [the moderates] that will make them happy? They just wanted an up-or-down vote [on Title X]. And the conservatives weren't even willing to give them that."

Some give to the moderates may indeed be only a bow to reality. But whenever moderates get their way over issues important to social-issues voters there's a risk. "The Democrats," Greenwood says, drawing an analogy with the GOP, "more and more caved in to the leftmost members of their party, forcing mainstream Americans and obviously a lot of their own members across the aisle." But on many issues—school prayer, federally funded abortions—the rightmost Republicans are *more* in the mainstream than Beltway insiders or congressmen from Northeastern districts. Tacking to a phantom mainstream just leaves GOP voters disappointed and majority opinion unrepresented.

The best resolution to the House's moderate–conservative tension, ultimately, may come by way of little-known names like Richard Rinaolo. The Illinois businessman is considering a campaign to knock off Title X champion John Porter in next year's GOP primary. How's *that* for subtraction? □

White Mischief

ANTHONY DANIELS



Frederick H. Carlson

PORT-AU-PRINCE

THE verandah of the Oloffson Hotel, made famous as the Trianon by Graham Greene in his novel *The Comedians*, was recently entirely occupied by American election observers, mainly women. One of them, a psychotherapist, was reading a book entitled *A Higher Standard of Leadership*—not, perhaps, a very difficult thing to achieve, in the light of Haiti's recent history. Nevertheless, I could not help recalling Mr. Smith, the presidential candidate in Greene's book, who had run against Harry Truman on the vegetarian ticket, and who had come to Papa Doc's Haiti to convert it to vegetarianism: "The dream was intact. Reality could not touch him. . . . The Haitians freed from acidity, poverty, and passion would soon be bent happily over their nut-cutlets."

Is democracy in Haiti today the vegetarianism of yesteryear? Certainly, the election observers seemed to have undergone some kind of transcendent experience at the polls; they spoke of the elections with religious veneration in their voices. Even the three-week delay in announcing the results did not dent their serenity: the delay was sent merely to test their faith. And I know from experience that election observers tend to observe what they want to happen rather than what actually does happen.

Meanwhile, up at the El Rancho casino hotel—founded by Alberto Silveira, the only Haitian to have owned a Rolls-Royce—the participants in an international colloquium on the transition to democracy were having dinner. The assembled democrats were carefully cordoned off from the rest of humanity. *Philosophes* from the French Antilles, dressed in Parisian chic, rubbed shoulders with survivors of Southern Cone military dictatorships, while above the general hubbub the voice of an earnest young American female, dressed like Ophelia, could be heard explaining the wrongness of extrajudicial executions. Earlier in the day, a liberation theologian had given a stimulating lecture on the true meaning of the Gospels: aid to the poor, via progressive taxation and nationalization of the banks. Naturally, his hotel bill for the three days would be rather more than the per-capita GDP of Haiti—not that such statistics mean very much anyway.

Meanwhile, back at the hotel cashier's desk, it emerged that a little democratization of the bills had been going on. A Chilean representative of the Organization of American States had discovered that another democrat had so far believed in the principles of equality and shared responsibility that he had signed for all his drinks in the name of the OAS delegate. She was not amused.

Still, it must be conceded that, under American tutelage, the government of Jean-Bertrand Aristide has been unremarkable, which is the highest possible praise for a Haitian government. Whether the new-found moderation of

Dr. Daniels, a physician, is the author of Utopias Elsewhere.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Titide is from conviction or by necessity remains to be seen: and perhaps it never will be seen, inasmuch as the disbanding of the Haitian army has left a vacuum in the exercise of physical force in the country. The fear of chaos may keep the Americans—or some surrogate for them—in the country longer than originally anticipated. It is 1915 all over again.

The mere absence of a vile government, however, does not in itself make for the good life, and there is an increasing quality of desperation to Haitian daily existence. Port-au-Prince, where more than a quarter of Haitians live, is like a New World Calcutta, and even the residential areas that were the quiet havens of the rich have now been invaded by pullulating shantytowns. Pestilential piles of rotting garbage now block some of the streets of the city center, and potholes in the roads have opened enough to swallow whole vehicles. The second city, Cap Haïtien, is almost without electricity, and has been for months. The *tap-taps* (pickup trucks which serve as public transport and which carry as many passengers as a normal bus) are emblazoned with messages of distant hope, both religious and secular. The supposedly imminent return of Christ is announced, surrounded by garlands of stars and stripes; and just in case the message is not clear, some *tap-taps* spell it out. DIEU TOUT-PUISSANT, they say, as well as VISA on the Way. There is God in Heaven, and the United States on earth.

Indeed, one could not help wondering whether the evident desire of the majority of the population to move to the United States (I did not meet anyone who didn't wish so to migrate) is not one of the secret wellsprings of Mr. Clinton's Haitian policy. There is no better way of reducing the numbers of political refugees than by declaring their country of origin to be a democracy. Henceforth, such migrants can be refused entry or repatriated with a clear conscience. In a democracy, they are not in danger of persecution; in migrating, they are only seeking a better life.

An American missionary doctor, William Hodges, who is also an archeologist of distinction, and who has spent the last 37 years of his life in Haiti, had nothing but contempt for the posturing sloganeers of democracy and human rights. "They're only words," he said. "The reality is that there has been a complete social breakdown in Haiti, a complete loss of values." He spoke in the midst of hundreds of patients, only the most seriously ill of whom could be offered treatment—including those suffering from the epidemic of anthrax. "In Limbe [the town where he works] the people have just spent the last month in a state of terror, afraid to go to sleep, because of marauding bands which break into their houses."

And he castigated the press. "Why don't all these truth-seekers and truth-tellers mention such things?" No, they preferred the comforting slogans of democracy and human rights.

The aid agencies have moved into Haiti in a big way. They are there to repair the damage done by the embargo (one of the lessons of Haiti being that, if you're going to interfere in small, poor countries at all, military action should be the first and not the last option). Haiti is to aid workers what New York is to the slum-dwellers of Port-au-Prince: the promised land. For every catastrophe, there is an equal and opposite opportunity.

And so, back at the Oloffson, one can see aid workers with an expression of serenity upon their faces, which comes of doing good, making money, and escaping routine drudgery at home all at once. One of them, I noticed, wore a T-shirt with a slogan in favor of a preferential option for the poor in health care. She worked for the Institute for Social Justice. This put me in mind of something I had just read: "How, in the presence of [Haiti's] drama, could one be asked not to struggle for more social justice?"

I quote, of course, from the book *Le Problème des Classes à travers l'Histoire d'Haïti*, by the late Dr. François Duvalier. □

Defending the Crown Jewels

STEPHEN MOORE

WASHINGTON, D.C.

A FEW days after the November election the *Washington Post* ran an analysis of the mass defection of working-class voters to the GOP. A New Jersey painting contractor was quoted as saying: "You're looking at a poor man who thinks the capital-gains tax [cut] is the best thing that could happen to this country, because that's when the work will come back. People say capital gains are for the rich, but I've never been hired by a poor man."

If only Republicans on Capitol Hill could make that persuasive a case for a capital-gains tax cut. Unfortunately, Republicans recently have been hard-pressed to articulate *any* case for capital-gains tax cuts.

Just six months ago a capital-gains tax cut seemed to be a political slam dunk in this Republican-controlled Congress. And why not? For almost a decade now the issue has been at the nerve center of the GOP's economic-growth message. Even during the intellectually vacuous Bush years, this was the one issue that White House aides and conservative Republicans could discuss together cordially. This April the House delivered a solidly pro-growth capital-gains tax cut. That bill—which Newt Gingrich trumpeted as the "crown jewel" in the Contract with America—would chop the top capital-gains tax rate to 19.8 per cent (down from the current 28 per cent) and end the punitive taxation of capital "gains" due to inflation.

But since that victory in the House, the Republicans have begun to wilt under a barrage of class-warfare attacks. When Richard Gephardt, David Bonior, and other Democratic leaders chant, "Republican tax cuts for the rich," they are taking direct aim at the GOP capital-gains proposal. Unfortunately, their greed-and-envy message appears to be paying political dividends. "GOP senators are absolutely terrified of the tax-fairness issue," concedes one Republican Senate Finance Committee staffer.

The principal sponsors of the Senate bill, Republican Orrin Hatch and Democrat Joseph Lieberman, have so far managed to corral all of 12 co-sponsors—three of whom are Democrats. This hardly constitutes a stampede of support. Worse yet, the Hatch–Lieberman bill would not even allow indexing of gains for inflation—arguably the most economically critical long-term reform of all.

Meanwhile, as Republicans limp forward on the issue, the Democrats are

Mr. Moore is director of fiscal-policy studies at the Cato Institute.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

launching an August offensive against capital gains designed to derail the GOP budget. The tale goes something like this: Republicans want to axe Medicare for senior citizens so they can give a giant tax break to their wealthy friends. Unless that message is short-circuited, weak-kneed Republicans—or about one-third of the GOP congressional delegation—are going to be scrambling for the exits come October.

All of this adds up to one inescapable conclusion: to win the capital-gains debate the tax-fairness issue must be faced and the Democrats discredited. That shouldn't be too difficult, since the evidence is overpowering that a capital-gains-tax cut will help every income group. Here's the tax-fairness case for capital-gains tax cuts:

1. *It's unfair to tax inflationary "gains."* One of the great injustices of the current U.S. tax system is that we tax farmers, investors, homeowners, the elderly, and small businessmen on phantom gains. The non-partisan Tax Foundation reports that today, well over half of all capital-gains taxes are paid on inflationary, not real-gains. Former Federal Reserve Board Governor Wayne Angell has calculated that the *average* real tax rate on investments held from 1973 to 1992 in the Standard & Poor's Composite Index was 101 per cent. Over the same period, the tax rate on a portfolio of New York Stock Exchange stocks reached 123 per cent. In other words, Americans paid billions of dollars of capital-"gains" taxes on investments that actually lost money relative to inflation. That's not taxation—it's confiscation.

The primary victims of the capital-gains inflation tax are not the super-rich, like John D. Rockefeller, Ted Kennedy, and Diane Feinstein, but rather middle-income working Americans. A 1990 report by the Congressional Budget Office examined a sample of IRS returns and discovered that "indexation would have provided the least tax reduction per dollar of reported gain to the highest-income taxpayers and the most to those middle- and lower-income taxpayers with gains." The report continued: "The average taxpayer receiving gains and with adjusted gross income below $100,000 would have owed no tax because no real gain had been earned." Indexing is one of those rare political issues where the goals of equity and growth unambiguously coincide.

2. *It's not just the rich who report capital gains.* IRS data confirm that 56 per cent of all the returns reporting capital gains were from households with incomes below $50,000; 83 per cent, or 7 million returns, were for households with incomes below $100,000. When the Joint Tax Committee estimates the tax-burden shift from the entire GOP tax-reduction package—including the child tax credit—it finds that the largest tax cut in percentage terms accrues to those families with incomes between $30,000 and $75,000.

3. *A capital-gains tax reduction would impel the rich to pay more taxes, not less.* No, this isn't wild-eyed supply-side theology—it's a statement of indisputable historical fact.

Roman Genn

Over the past thirty years Congress has changed the capital-gains tax rate no fewer than five times. Every rate increase has been followed by a decline in capital-gains tax collections; every rate reduction has increased receipts. In 1986 the tax rate rose by 40 per cent on wealthy investors. How much more tax did the wealthy pay? Zero. Adjusted for inflation, capital-gains tax collections in each year of 1990, 1991, and 1992 were *lower* than in 1985, the year before the rate increase. As Ed Rubenstein demonstrated last year, ["Right Data," Dec. 19], ever since the 1986 rate increase, Americans with annual incomes above $200,000 have reduced their taxable capital gains by two-thirds.

Wall Street financier Ted Forstmann estimates that there are now at least $5 trillion of unrealized capital gains in the American economy. This is the accumulated build-up in the value of businesses, stock holdings, properties, and other capital assets held by U.S. citizens. If just 10 per cent of these $5 trillion of holdings were cashed out in response to a rate cut, the government would collect roughly $100 billion of added revenues over the next several years.

4. *Capital formation is the key to creating good jobs at good wages.* Ten years ago Bill Gates formed Microsoft in his basement. Those investors who risked their money in Microsoft made fabulous gains. A $20,000 investment in Microsoft in 1986 is now worth nearly $1 million. Should these investors be impugned as the unworthy rich? Without their seed investment capital, a globally dominant American firm that employs 15,000 high-paid American workers might never have been launched.

Critics of a capital-gains tax cut argue that since the owners of capital tend to be wealthier than the average American, any reduction in the tax on capital is a giveaway to the rich. This argument misses the point, because it ignores the critical linkage between wages, productivity, and capital formation. Over the past fifty years, the real wage rate of the average American worker has quadrupled. Fully 98 per cent of this growth in real wages is explained by the increase in the capital-to-labor ratio. When American workers have more capital to work with, their productivity and their take-home pay rise; when they do not, their pay stagnates. Imagine what would happen to the productivity of American farmers if we took away all their capital—their irrigation equipment, tractors, and other modern farm machinery.

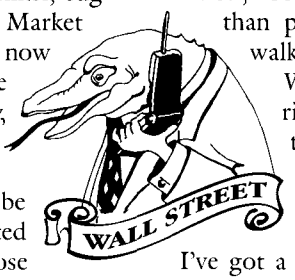
Former Reagan Treasury economist Gary Robbins has calculated that "90 per cent of the reduction in taxes on capital will flow to wage earners, rather than the owners of capital." Ironically, by opposing capital-gains tax cuts, the Democrats would condemn the American worker to the stagnant wage scenario they so often decry. In fact, since the 1986 capital-gains tax increases, real wages in the U.S. have fallen by 4.5 per cent. So much for soaking the rich.

The enduring lesson of the Reagan Presidency is that the politics of growth always trumps the politics of envy. That's why working-class painting contractors in New Jersey voted Republican in November. But if Republicans don't rediscover their campaign agenda of jobs, growth, and opportunity, they may be disappointed to discover that the Democrats have stolen the crown jewels. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GEKKO

IF YOU had your coffee before starting this column, you may have noticed the change in name. "Random Walk," the previous moniker, suggested a belief in the Efficient Market Hypothesis, which has by now been convincingly proved to be complete nonsense. Eventually, people who actually think that risks and returns fall neatly along a bell curve will be reduced to a few totally isolated eccentrics, reminiscent of those Japanese Imperial Army holdouts who periodically emerged from Pacific-island caves in the Fifties and Sixties.



For now, when derivatives traders at banks or money-management firms wheedle capital out of top management, they still use risk-measurement models that incorporate the EMH, models such as the Black–Scholes option-pricing equation. These simplistic, cookbook measurements of risk will lead to disasters such as "portfolio insurance" produced during the 1987 crash, or the spiraling declines aggravated by hedging programs during the Mexico meltdown earlier this year. Just a couple of weeks ago, there was a sudden shudder in the semiconductor stocks caused by a dealer who had to "delta-hedge" a big short position in the SOX index. He was following the Black–Scholes model out of the EMH textbook.

Listen to Edgar Peters, one of my anti-EMH gurus. Ed is the chief investment strategist at Panagora Asset Management in Boston. He's responsible for about $7.5 billion, most of it conservatively managed pension money. "The Efficient Market Hypothesis and the random-walk idea are based on a lot of assumptions that just don't hold up. For example, the EMH depends on the notion that volatility is a measure of risk. But what I found was that higher-volatility investments have a lower return going forward. Short-term risk is not compensated with a higher return. That isn't predicted by the EMH."

One of the key points of EMH critics is that big events in the markets, such as a crash on the scale of 1929, or even 1987, occur far more frequently than predicted by the random-walkers. Not too comforting.

What does Peters see ahead right now? "With the curve this flat, there's a lot more risk to bonds than stocks. I'm overweight in equities relative to bonds, but I've got a higher cash position than usual. My long-term outlook on stocks, though, is that the up side is limited. This whole advance has been so narrowly led by tech stocks."

■ You've probably noticed that the reviews of Windows 95 have been less than overwhelming. My well-connected friends who have been beta-testing it say that it's a big improvement over the old Windows. But is it enough? Wall Street software analysts think consumers and businesses will now junk their old Windows programs and shell out for new computers, more memory, and entirely new, Win95-compatible applications. If you don't believe that, then maybe you want to dump your technology fund.

Esther Dyson, the owner of EDventure Holdings, the editor of Release 1.0, and a former colleague, is optimistic about the software industry in the long run. However, "in the short run, this has been overpromised. Windows 95 and the software written for it will happen, but not as fast as some of the Wall Street people think." Also, there's a trend in how software gets paid for that argues against overhyped short-term earnings projections. "Software will be advertising services and support." That means that revenue from a new software package will be spread out over months and years, rather than concentrated in the one-off sale of a shrink-wrapped package. Which in turn means that those P/E multiples or market-cap-to-sales multiples for software are probably way overdone. So lighten up now while Jeff Vinik and the other tech-stock managers will still give you a bid.

■ Worried about your mortgage and credit-card debts? Here's a personal-finance tip: Default on all your payments, call your banks, and insult their politics. When they write off your loans and sell the bad paper to a collection agency, buy the paper at pennies on the dollar under an assumed name—say, that of a Swiss bank. Then cancel the debts you now owe to yourself. Go back to your old banks, say you now agree with their politics, you have reduced your indebtedness, and you'd like more credit.

You doubt it would work? Then that just goes to show that you're not qualified to be the government of Peru. The Peruvians took advantage of the plunge in emerging-market debt this year to buy back around $2 billion in face value of the loans they defaulted on in the early Eighties. Some banks grumbled about what the Peruvians did. "Of course it's a violation of the *pari passu* clauses in their loan agreements," says one holder. "But then commercial morality in this business has declined rather dramatically in recent years."

There's another little twist. When the Peruvians did the "secret" buybacks (which, I'm told, may have caught a major, old-line Wall Street bank in a short squeeze), some knowledgeable officials told a few of their friends. These friends, who had accumulated a lot of money in traditional Peruvian enterprises in recent years, were able to buy the debt ahead of the government, and benefited from the resulting rise in price. Now trading in the 50s, Peruvian loans are said to be heading for the mid 60s on completion of a refinancing later this year. Not for amateurs. —JOHN DIZARD

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

1945–1995

Return to Japan

Three weeks after the atomic bombs were dropped, the 11th Airborne 'secured' Tokyo for General MacArthur's triumphal entry. Fifty years later, one soldier returned to witness a modern Japan.

WILLIAM LETWIN

DURING June and July, 1945, I was expecting to visit Japan. We—that is, the 11th Airborne Division, then stationed just south of Manila—were working out the plans for our allotted part in the invasion of Japan, which was scheduled for the end of that year. We were supposed to drop into landing zones behind the southern coast and hold out there until our seaborne friends arrived to back us up and move us forward. The prospect was not very amusing, in the light of Normandy, not to mention Nijmagen.

Besides, the Japanese armed forces had provided us with an object lesson on this score. On the interesting date of December 7, 1944, during the sleepiest part of a sunny afternoon, a company or two of Japanese paratroops dropped into Leyte, right on our heads. It was a big surprise: we hadn't even known that any such troops or the transport planes to carry them were in the Philippines. Their objective was to seize the airfield next to which we were lodged and, after reinforcement by Japanese infantry, to drive us out of Leyte. But their infantry never broke through, and after a hectic night and day the paratroops were mopped up. A discomforting omen, we felt.

Suddenly in August the outlook brightened. News came that two "very big" bombs, each equivalent in explosive force to 20,000 tons of TNT, had demolished Hiroshima and Nagasaki. A few days later the Japanese government accepted the Allied terms of unconditional surrender (except for the one condition that Hirohito would remain Emperor of his depleted empire), and V-J Day was declared on August 15. As the most mobile division in the Pacific, the 11th Airborne was quickly flown to Okinawa, and from there an advance party of about 1,000 flew into Tokyo. Instead of arriving in Japan as a prospective casualty, I came as a forerunner of the Occupation.

Our mission when we landed on August 27 was to "secure" the Tokyo–Yokohama area so that it would be safe when General MacArthur and the other eminences arrived for the signing ceremony. We didn't expect Tokyo to be safe, nor did we see how we few were going to make it safe within a few days. Truly imaginative pessimists among us interpreted the "surrender" as a trick: we would be ambushed as we landed in Tokyo, and the Japanese would resume the war against a diminished invasion force. But of course nothing of the sort happened. The Tokyo area was not only safe but weirdly placid.

We traveled in a convoy of dilapidated open trucks supplied by our hosts from the airport to our temporary quarters at a naval base in Yokohama. The road ran alongside the commuter railroad that connects Yokohama and Tokyo. It was the evening rush hour. The station platforms were packed, then as now, with passengers. They saw us, knew what we were—but never looked at us. Instead they looked straight ahead, faces expressionless, like soldiers standing at attention. They simply snubbed us, as French patriots had snubbed German soldiers after 1940. But unlike the French, many of whom resisted after their government surrendered, the Japanese faithfully followed instructions.

The instructions had been delivered by the Emperor in a broadcast just before V-J Day, the first broadcast that any Japanese emperor had ever made. It was an address of consummate subtlety. "The war situation," he said, "had developed not necessarily to Japan's advantage." If Japan continued to fight, it would be obliterated by the enemy's

Mr. Letwin is the author of The Origins of Scientific Economics.

ILLUSTRATION BY ALAN J. NAHIGIAN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"new and most cruel" bomb. He had accordingly "resolved to pave the way for a grand peace." So he admonished his people to "beware most strictly of any outbursts of emotion" and to "cultivate the ways of rectitude." Never once did he use the word "surrender." But the orders were plain, and the Japanese obeyed.

So the peacefulness that we were supposed to establish in the Tokyo area was there before we arrived. But orders being orders, our mission to secure the area had to be carried out, at least symbolically. Therefore, on the next day our divisional commander, Major General Joseph Swing, sent a reconnaissance party into the center of Tokyo. It consisted of one jeep, one driver, and three second lieutenants, of whom I was one.

We began our reconnaissance by calling in at the Bank of Japan. During the war it had issued occupation currency for use in the Philippines. As Japanese troops retreated in Leyte and later Luzon, their occupation notes became worthless, and we collected wads of them for souvenirs, bookmarks, and ersatz poker chips. When we arrived at the headquarters of the bank, we announced to a startled receptionist that we needed urgently to confer with a senior official. One such appeared at once, dressed in a morning coat, striped trousers, stiff stand-up collar,

To secure the area, Major General Joseph Swing sent a reconnaissance party into the center of Tokyo, consisting of one jeep, one driver, and three second lieutenants.

and sober tie: just the kind of costume that the Emperor wore on state occasions—even, for instance, at a cabinet meeting in a crowded bunker the night after the first atomic bomb. The official bowed deeply to us. We explained that we wanted to convert the occupation notes into yen. He scrutinized one of the notes as if he had never seen such a thing before and couldn't make out what it said. Finally he announced slowly, with many interspersed apologies, that such notes were most unfortunately inconvertible. That was just what we thought too, and seeing no point in pressing on with our little joke, we turned to our real business. Could we exchange dollars for yen, and if so at what rate? Of course, said he, and pointed to a poster on the wall that showed the latest official exchange rates; the poster, as we saw and at once understood, was dated December 7, 1941. We signed documents, took our yen, and were bowed out ceremoniously.

Armed with yen, we went off happily to shop. After many months in many jungles, a shopping spree was an essential first step in postwar rehabilitation. We found a large department store, crowded with customers buying goods that were by no means necessities, all this even though much of Tokyo had recently been destroyed. The small things that we bought were beautifully wrapped for us; neither war nor defeat had interfered with the skill of decorative wrapping, one of Japan's distinguished minor arts.

Then finally we turned to our strictly military duty. We proceeded to the Imperial Hotel (the original one, later replaced by a much grander version). It was an architectural triumph, designed by Frank Lloyd Wright in a style distinctly his own and yet definitely echoing traditional Japanese modes. Our business there was to make sure that rooms had been reserved for General MacArthur, Admiral Nimitz, and their retinues. Of course they had been, and the rooms were standing empty until they arrived. Mission accomplished, we left. On returning to headquarters, we reported to General Swing that in our considered opinion Tokyo was secure. A few days later our division was sent up north to garrison the provincial capital of Sendai.

京

When I returned to Japan a few weeks ago, Tokyo seemed far less foreign. The central streets are lined with skyscrapers, Western clothing is the norm, many advertising signs carry English translations, and Coca-Cola is always within reach.

But of course there are obvious differences as well. Few of Tokyo's skyscrapers really scrape; the very highest one does not quite get up to fifty floors, perhaps as a precaution against earthquakes. Many of the less monumental skyscrapers stand shoulder to shoulder rather than in the spaced-out islands favored by current American urban planners. Kimonos are rarely seen in public places during the day, though they are worn for grave or festive occasions and, I am told, at home. At properly Japanese restaurants, the menu posted outside describes the set dishes in words and often illustrates them with photos; just to make quite sure, many restaurants display plastic models of the dishes in the window. Policemen are much in evidence, which is said to be why Tokyo is so free of violent crime. Tokyo offers all the facilities of a great world metropolis, and some parts of it, especially old shrines, parks, and gardens, are very attractive. But taken as a whole, it seemed too big, too sprawling, and too disorganized; it did not strike me as lovable or admirable.

迎

Early in September of 1945 we arrived in Sendai. The civic authorities put on a welcoming banquet for the dozen or so officers of divisional headquarters in a fine old wooden inn on the outskirts of town; our bombs had wiped out all the suitable venues closer to the center. In deference to our strange incapacity to get through a long meal while sitting cross-legged on the floor at knee-height tables or to eat with chopsticks, our hosts had provided chairs, high tables, and cutlery; we wondered very much where they had found them.

The occasion was memorable in other ways too. On the way from our jeeps to the inn, we walked through a perfectly tended small park and passed over two or three short bow-shaped bridges made of wood covered with bright red lacquer. This was my first real-life sight of the authentic picturesque Japan I had come to know during the 1930s via Lowell Thomas travelogues shown before the double feature at the Majestic, our neighborhood movie house in Milwaukee. The banquet opened with a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

brief speech by the mayor, in halting English, bidding us welcome, almost as if he and his colleagues had invited us to visit their fair country and city. Though it was certainly courteous, it was faintly ludicrous in view of the real relation between them and us.

Thinking of it brings back a clear recollection of a parallel episode when the Japanese contingent arrived on the Big Mo for the surrender ceremony. They were received by Major General Charles Willoughby, MacArthur's chief intelligence officer, then acting as a sort of protocol officer. The most senior Japanese general put out his right hand as he approached, with the intention of shaking Willoughby's; Willoughby started to put out his hand too, but he suddenly thought better and jerkily pulled it back. As far as he was concerned, the war wasn't over enough for hand-shaking.

Two features of the welcome banquet I have never forgotten. We were served an ancient *sake*, ice-cold, that tasted like a dry white wine, but four times as alcoholic. It was the only *sake* I have ever enjoyed. Notable also was the silent presence of two or three geishas, elaborately dressed, their faces covered with thick white cosmetics in the usual geisha way. As for the rest of the meal, memory vaguely recalls rice.

劇

Fifty years ago when we drove along minor roads in the countryside near Sendai, we would often meet a curious sort of single-file procession. A plodding ox led the way, drawing a narrow cart, on which stood two tall narrow wooden casks, one behind the other. Then followed a farmer, encouraging the beast with a long bamboo pole. Five paces behind him walked his wife, and at orderly intervals children in descending sizes. Their progress, measured and silent, suggested a ritual ceremony.

The purpose of such processions, as we discovered, was intensely practical. Such carts carried "night soil," human fertilizer being moved from farmhouse to rice paddy or vegetable patch.

It struck me as a great paradox. Here was a country whose industries had produced the ships, planes, and armaments that won at Pearl Harbor, Singapore, New Guinea, and all the rest. But here was a primitive agriculture carried out by landless peasants, working generation after generation bent over and barefoot in the flooded paddies. It was an example of the paradox, more common since, of countries whose governments artificially force industrialization in the belief that it is the true road to affluence or to durable military might.

業

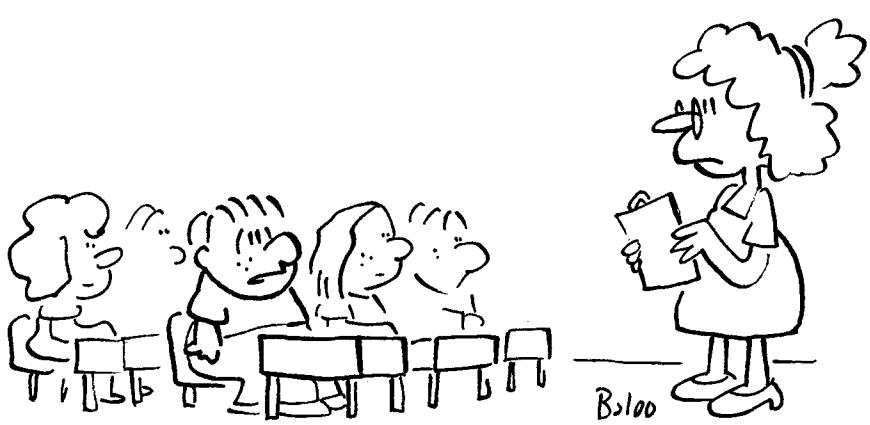
During my second visit I found the rice paddies still there, watered as always by the short rivers that flow down from the central spine of mountains into the surrounding seas. Paddies cover much of the rural coastal plains and the low hills behind. Landscape permitting, paddies are perfect squares, roughly uniform in size, seldom larger than an acre or two. Each of the squares is separated from its neighbors by narrow earthen dikes that keep the water in and form lanes for coming and going.

Otherwise the cultivation of rice has changed dramatically. Occupation authorities transformed landless peasants into small-holding farmers. Mechanization has worked another transformation. Now paddies are cultivated by agile little tractors which have freed farmers to hold jobs in the small factories dotting the rural plains. The peasants are now semi-urbanized land-owning industrial workers.

The wife submissively walking behind the husband is now vanishing. The phenomenon can still be seen, even in cities, among couples over 60 or so. But among the younger people, who grew up since the Occupation, women walk beside their men and are treated with a degree of chivalry. The leading expert on such matters told me that Japanese women have been effectively liberated in all basic ways, and there is plenty of visible evidence to that effect. It is, however, also commonly reported that women are prey to flagrant sexual harassment at work, and there is still a widespread and wide-open market for pornography. But, as far as I could make out, there is not yet any positive discrimination in favor of women, or for that matter in favor of anyone else.

価

In 1945, a Japanese entrepreneur on the most modest scale set up a tiny shop near our headquarters. The shop consisted of an open-sided hut pieced together of debris, four wooden posts supporting a galvanized metal roof above an earthen floor. Here the shopkeeper offered assorted junk and the kinds of second-hand goods that Japanese were then selling in order to pay their way through the troubled postwar time. As the shop was the only social center in that neighborhood, and Americans could be seen there, it attracted a constant cluster of bystanders. One time when I went into the shop, I was attracted by a wooden box and plate designed for the Japanese tea ceremony. The shopkeeper told me their prices—in Japanese, of course. Luckily I had learned, during my training at Camp Ritchie, Maryland, the names of numbers from one to a hundred. I added up the two prices, mentioned the



"IQ? I thought this was a haiku *test!"*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sum, and started to count out the money. The shopkeeper took up his abacus and, after nimbly twiddling the discs, confirmed my addition. At which point the watching bystanders clapped their hands loudly, by way, as I assumed, of lauding my mathematical prowess.

It scarcely need be said that during the intervening fifty years the abacus has become virtually extinct. The Japanese people love all things electronic, and calculators and computers have taken over. But the world-class excellence of Japanese engineers suggests that the Japanese do not easily sink into the depths of calculator-dependency now all too common at American colleges. Yet some do. An otherwise clever travel agent in Tokyo hauled out a large calculator in order to multiply 10,200 by 2, and then she did it twice more to make sure. Had there been bystanders this time, I might have been applauded again for getting the answer in my unaided head.

近

Sendai, as it was then, offered little to amuse us in the evenings. After supper, we settled down in our quarters, formerly a club for bachelor army officers. Some of the men played high-stakes poker far into the night. Others, like me, talked, wrote letters, and read. When that palled, I would retire to the billiard room to amuse myself by practicing three-cushion shots. One evening an elderly Japanese civilian, dressed in a worn tweed suit, entered discreetly, bowed deeply, and watched silently. Presently I asked whether he would care to play, but obviously he understood no English. He replied in Japanese, to no avail. I tried German, but that was Greek to him. And then, my last resource, I tried French. Miracle of miracles, he replied in French, even more broken than mine but good enough to make out. It emerged that he had learned the language while working in Indochina before the war, and that during the war he had served as billiard professional of the club.

From that evening on we played billiards whenever he turned up, at intervals of a week or two; I thought that it wasn't the low standard of my game that kept him away, but delicacy about not outstaying his welcome. Delicate too were the hints he gave me about how to improve, his subtle near-misses that saved me from utter disgrace, and his reserved bow when he had once again scored a lopsided victory. I learned a lot from him, but little about him. His French did not allow for much conversation.

火

By early 1946 I had accumulated enough "points" for military duty to be demobilized. The first leg homeward was by slow train overnight to Yokohama. Seats in the train, designed to provide minimal space for the Japanese, who in those days tended to be shorter than Americans, were shallow from front to back, low to the floor, and close to the row ahead. I, at five feet eight no giant, felt like one. Only half of my substructure could fit on the hard seat, and my legs couldn't stretch forward. Whenever I dozed off, I started slipping out of the seat, which tangled my bones and smartly woke me. One such time the train was passing slowly through a compact village, every one of whose houses was going up in roaring flames. The train went on; there was nothing to be done about the blaze.

Fire has always been one of Japan's great enemies. For centuries the typical house of Honshu, the main island, was built of wood, and the movable inner walls were wooden frames covered with rice paper. They were cheap, because wood and paper were plentiful. Interiors were uncluttered, furnished with cushions rather than upholstered chairs, light straw mats covering wood floors, futon beds that could be hung out to air or stowed away during the day, and little else. But even so such houses were terribly liable to burn. One ember, one coal dropped from a brazier, could quickly ignite the whole of a densely settled place. Our firestorm bombing raids made the most of the opportunity. In Yokohama, when we came, there was nothing left standing for miles except ancestor shrines built of bricks, and the hearths of houses that had left no other trace, not even ashes.

The moral responsibility rests on those leaders who made culpable decisions, those individuals who carried out the decisions, and those individuals who acted badly on their own initiative.

Since then housing has changed. Even low-rise buildings are clad in concrete blocks, making for boring boxes scarcely distinguishable from similar boxes anywhere else. Inside they retain distinctively Japanese features; outside they make a human landscape devoid of grace or interest.

懐

One thing that has not changed very much in fifty years is Japanese attitudes toward the question of war guilt. Was Japan the aggressor? Did Japan behave barbarically during the Pacific war and during its previous wars in Korea, Manchuria, and China? Should Japan express remorse? Although Japanese opinion is deeply divided, the prevalent view is that each of those questions should be answered, No. Only a minority, represented by Prime Minister Tomiichi Murayama, leader of the minority Social Democratic Party, believe that an official apology is in order.

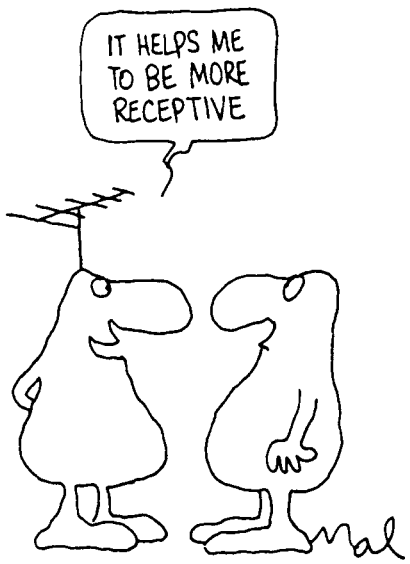
The three questions and the typical answers would make more sense if they did not refer to the behavior of "Japan." Japan is a place. It cannot do anything, and cannot be responsible for anything. What happened during the war was done by Japanese individuals, acting singly or in groups. If, as I believe, the war was caused by naked aggression and at times prosecuted with inhuman cruelty, the moral responsibility rests on those particular leaders who made culpable decisions, those individuals who carried out the decisions enthusiastically or complaisantly, and those individuals who acted badly on their own initiative. Less responsibility rests on those who followed reluctantly, and little if any on those who dissented or resisted. What "Japan" should say or do now is the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

responsibility of Japanese leaders and citizens of today.

The dominant Japanese view is that "Japan" did not start the war but was forced into it. (More or less the same view is held by the "revisionist" American historians who defended the original *Enola Gay* exhibit at the Smithsonian.) Here is the history as they interpret it.

Modern imperialism was a Western invention. From 1500 until 1914, practically every Western power built overseas empires by engaging in or threatening armed conquest. By the nineteenth century Japan had been hemmed in by British, Russian, and other Western establishments and spheres of influence in China, by the Russian presence in Manchuria, by Dutch dominance of Indonesia and New Guinea, by French control of Indochina, and by colonies, chiefly British, American, and German, in western Pacific archipelagos.



Moreover, Western imperialism in East Asia was racist. Western governments felt justified in taking over because they were convinced that Orientals were inferior: uncouth, uneducated, incapable of governing themselves or behaving peaceably. Western views were manifest in mocking references to "Celestials" and the "yellow peril," by lampoons such as *The Mikado*, and far more seriously by Commodore Perry's virtual invasion of 1854, which forcibly opened Japan to American traders, while the Exclusion policy cynically closed the United States to Japanese and Chinese immigrants.

When Japan became a world power during the last quarter of the nineteenth century, it followed the Western imperial model. Japan too deserved secure markets for its exports, privileged access to the raw materials and foodstuffs that it badly needed, and buffer zones to protect the home islands against invasion by potential Western aggressors, among which Russia was then the most threatening. Japan's first step, in 1894, was to invade Korea and to move from there to southern Manchuria and Port Arthur. But Russia, France, and Germany combined to defend their various imperialistic designs by forcing Japan to relinquish the territories it had won. By 1904 Russia had taken effective control of Manchuria and Korea (which Japan saw as a "dagger pointed at the home islands"). Japan launched a defensive war which ended in a peace conference under American auspices, the U.S. Government having recognized the justice of Japan's cause. Then, during World War I, Japan, one of the Allies, took over German possessions in China and in several island chains of the Pacific.

Then and after, Japan's intention was not only to satisfy its own legitimate aims but also to liberate Asians from white exploitation by founding a "Greater East Asian Economic Co-Prosperity Sphere." Further moves to extend that Sphere began in 1931, when Chinese forces tried to oust the Japanese army stationed in Manchuria in accordance with previous treaties. After successfully resisting, Japan transformed Manchuria into the independent state of Manchukuo, ruled by Pu-yi, whose legitimacy derived from his having been, before he was deposed, Emperor of China. The League of Nations, dominated by the European imperial powers, condemned Japan, whereupon Japan withdrew from the League.

Again in 1937, China's leader, Chiang Kai-shek, tried to expel Japanese troops legitimately stationed in China, thus setting off the Sino-Japanese War. The Western powers sided with the Chinese government, whose notable weakness enabled them to extract concessions that would no longer be available once China was incorporated into the Co-Prosperity Sphere. But aside from protesting, the Western powers did nothing on China's behalf.

However, when Japanese armies moved into Indochina in July 1941, with the consent of the Vichy government, the West, particularly the United States, reacted aggressively, imposing an embargo on shipments to Japan of oil and steel. Faced with this stranglehold, and with America's intransigent insistence that it would not lift the embargo until Japan withdrew from Indochina and China as well, Japan was forced into declaring war.

That version of history, which has apparently dominated Japanese thinking during the past fifty years, concludes in short that Japan has always been on the defensive and that other interpretations of Japan's conduct either are based on superficial appearances or are willfully biased.

We come now to the second question, which concerns the allegation that Japan behaved cruelly in war and in treatment of prisoners and innocent civilians. Here the prevalent Japanese view is that whatever cruelty the Japanese may have inflicted is as nothing compared with the horrors perpetrated on the Japanese people. Japan's innocent civilians, masses of them, were the war's principal victims, victims of apocalyptic American cruelty.

TO MY mind, the apologetic case that I have outlined collapses for a variety of reasons.

First, the argument that Japan's imperial design was justified by Western precedents is flimsy. It would be as logical for a murderer to maintain that his murder was justified by the murderous activities of others in the past. Granted that much evil had been done in the course of establishing Western empires, Western moral attitudes toward empire-building had changed radically by the 1920s. After the bloodbath of World War I, peace and international order were at a premium—too much so, as it appeared on retrospective consideration of Western responses to Hitler before 1939. When, in the moral environment of the Twenties and Thirties, a Western power undertook to extend its empire by armed force, as Italy did in Ethiopia, world opinion, as expressed in the League of Nations, condemned it and proposed sanctions

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

against it. Japan had little reason to be surprised or antagonized that its foray into Indochina provoked the American embargo. The Japanese misgauged America's determination, just as America misgauged Japan's; it was one of the many misunderstandings, serious or trivial, that have resulted from the gulf between two very different civilizations.

I do not believe that expansion of the Co-Prosperity Sphere after 1937 was defensive—that is, necessary in order to defend Japan's home islands. Nor was war against the United States defensive in that sense; Japan could have avoided it by withdrawing from China and Indochina, but it was not willing to give up the fruits of its aggressions there. The war that Japan declared on December 7, 1941, was not a separate war but part of a war that Japan had started in 1937, a war that cannot convincingly be portrayed as innocent or just.

As for cruelty, was Japan more sinned against than sinning? Large-scale cruelty does not lend itself to statistical computation. But nobody can point to actions during the Pacific war by America and its allies that paralleled the death marches from Bataan and Singapore or the wantonly harsh treatment and arbitrary executions of prisoners of war, not to mention the rape of Nanking and numerous similar atrocities visited on Chinese civilians in order to terrorize them in what Japan's commanders labeled a "war of punishment." It is true, perhaps, that American saturation bombing in the last phase of the war, which killed and injured masses of innocent civilians or made them homeless, is difficult to forgive. Yet Japan did not refrain from bombing civilians—in Shanghai, for instance—and if it never bombed American cities that was because it lacked the means rather than the will.

But of course the main Japanese charge is about the singular total cruelty of atomic bombs. Certainly they killed. But that is not the point at all. Sudden death, whether caused by a rifle, a "conventional" bomb, or an atomic bomb, is sudden death. No instant death is more cruel than another. Cruelty is a sin of those who choose weapons that will impose prolonged suffering, weapons such as dum-dum bullets or chlorine gas. If the men who made and the men who launched the atomic bombs had wanted to inflict as much prolonged suffering as possible, they would indeed have been cruel, as cruel as sadistic torturers. But that was not their intention. The deaths and suffering caused by the atomic bomb do not make the Japanese people the war's *principal* victims; too many other victims died and suffered as badly. Nor can the notion that Japanese people were the principal victims wipe out the responsibility of other Japanese people for their cruel and inhumane actions from 1937 onward.

YET ALL that belongs to a past that cannot be undone. What should today's Japanese say and think about that past? Of course most of the Japanese alive now were born since the war or were too young to play any part in it, and no doubt many who were then adults opposed the war while it was going on. They cannot be held or hold themselves morally responsible for Japan's aggression or the dirty deeds it entailed. But that is not the end of the story.

People who have not been guilty themselves need not and should not shoulder the burden of guilt for actions of others. Doing so is most often a sentimentalized attempt to rectify sins too old to be rectified, an attempt that is either futile or destructive. But that is not to say that we should not candidly recognize and regret the sins of people to whom we are closely bound. A simple analogy may make this clear: If I choose to inherit my father's estate, can I justifiably refuse to pay the estate's outstanding debts? For that sort of reason, Japanese today, who benefit from and take just pride in their patrimony, should clearly recognize that many of their ancestors and fellow countrymen behaved very badly. Pretending that the sins were not sins, or that they were somebody else's fault, is moral cowardice.

"Know your problem, Foster? You take things too literally."

Furthermore, I do not believe that the apology statement drafted by the Japanese parliament this June, over objections from the governing coalition's largest party, the Liberal Democrats (roughly akin to our Republican Party), meets a high standard of moral candor. Its key passage reads as follows:

> Looking back at the various instances of colonial rule and acts of aggression in modern world history and recognizing the fact that we carried out both such acts and the suffering we brought to the citizens of other nations, especially in Asia, the Diet [the Japanese equivalent of the House of Representatives] expresses deep regret.

That amounts to saying, "Like all the other villains, we too behaved villainously," while implicitly adding, "but not a bit more villainously than any other."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It is a far cry from straight confession untainted by any attempt to vindicate oneself. However, the Diet's statement closes the epoch that opened with the Emperor's surrender message. Imperfect as it was (by its tone and by its omission of any offer to make amends), and overdue as it was, that statement will help to lay the war finally to rest.

洋

I too have a confession to make. On my second visit to Japan I came bearing prejudices. Experiences during the war (when I occasionally helped interrogate prisoners) and during the Occupation had led me to believe that the Japanese were a grim people, always on guard, unwilling to make human contact by as much as a faint smile. It was understandable, of course, that they should be wary of us. But I believed that the wariness we encountered was merely an overlay on traits fundamental in the Japanese character, traits that could be summarized as inscrutability plus generalized suspicion of strangers.

As to inscrutability, today's Japanese showed me at once how mistaken I had been. On arrival at Tokyo airport, I bought a bus ticket into town (because the taxi ride costs $250). The young woman who sold the ticket smiled to me and merrily answered my questions. The receptionist at the hotel, the bellboy, the waiter—all smiled genuinely. Even sober middle-aged men, evidently discussing business, used their faces, hands, and bodies to express shades of meaning. A solitary contrasting episode heightened my general impression. Sitting at a table next to mine were two stiff elderly gentlemen who ate their way stolidly through a long meal without exchanging a word; then came a brief flurry of conversation, which turned out to concern nothing other than choice of dessert, which was again eaten in silence.

As to distrust of strangers, however, my earlier view changed less radically. Unlike the common American practice of greeting a stranger by his first name and as if he were an old friend, the Japanese approach is courteous and cool. The Japanese do not assume that the stranger is probably a good guy, and it may well be that the tenor of Japanese business life makes that a safer rule of thumb. But foreign strangers are not singled out for especial distrust, though the Japanese are for good reason puzzled by the strange manners of Western visitors.

The second great prejudice with which I lately arrived was that the Japanese tend to oppress or even suppress Nature. Evidence was, I thought, provided by *bonsai* culture. A bonsai is a tree that is raised to be a midget by planting it originally in an inch or two of soil on a flat plate, and then regularly trimming its roots. It is trained moreover into a contorted shape by twisting wire around the trunk and branches as well as by stern pruning. Similar but less drastic treatment turns garden shrubs into perfect hemispheres or widespread umbrellas. Most drastically controlled, however, are the so-called "dry landscape" gardens. They consist exclusively of a bed of gravel raked into graceful geometrical shapes. Instead of taming Nature the gardener has expelled it. This, I thought, symbolized a deep Japanese attitude toward living things.

This turned out like many prejudices to be not totally unfounded but ill founded. As the Occupation authorities had neglected to organize any garden visits, it was only this time around that I was able to see a number and variety of gardens. Most of them turned out to be as "natural" as American gardens and, for that matter, more natural than formal gardens in the French mode. Those that pleased me most concentrated on rich arrays of exotic flowering trees and bushes, with a rock or two skillfully placed among them and a waterfall or rivulet besides. The more I saw, the more my prejudice abated. All that remains is a vague feeling that some Japanese art forms (such as the tea ceremony), like Japanese courtesies (such as bowing), are more formalized, and in that way less natural, than their nearest Western counterparts.

別

The greatest change undergone by Japan during the past fifty years, as everyone knows, has been its economic miracle. Having catastrophically failed to create a euphemistically named Co-Prosperity Sphere by force of arms, Japan is doing much to create a genuine Co-Prosperity Sphere by peaceable economic efficiency. Sometimes the machine is mightier than the sword.

But, in the past few years, the Japanese economic miracle seems to have been running out of steam. The Japanese government's Economic Planning Agency has just issued a warning that the economy faces stagnation unless sharp and difficult changes are made. Recession has already brought about developments that may be dangerous in the long run. For instance, some companies have abandoned the established policy of granting loyal employees life tenure. Deprived of the security this had promised them, employees will press for government grants such as unemployment insurance and more social security. Increased government spending, which will have to be financed by increased taxation, will depress the rate of voluntary private savings and consequently of investment, thus limiting economic growth.

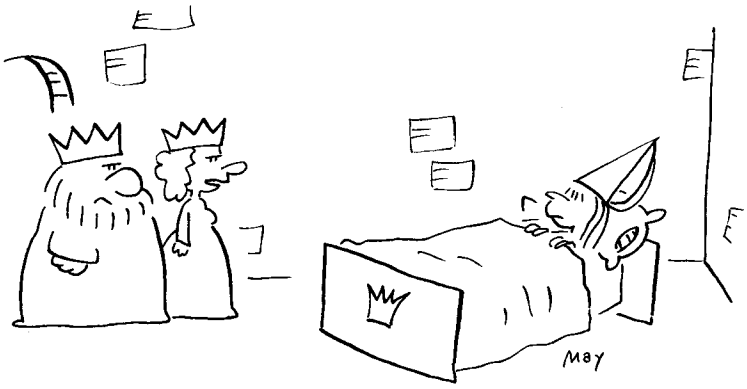
Another hitch is that affluence can diminish the appetite for additional income. Instead of pressing for yet more pay, workers very reasonably opt for more leisure—shorter hours, longer holidays, earlier retirement—and, so far as they can prevail, for a more relaxed pace of work. Though additional leisure enhances the quality of life, it limits economic growth.

And finally Japan may be overtaken by China well within the next fifty years. For the time being, China and Japan are well-matched trading partners, the raw materials and fabricated products of the one being exchanged for the high-tech and heavy-industry products of the other. But as the Chinese economy develops, in response to privatization and liberalization, Japan may sink into the condition of junior partner. Such demotion would badly dent the long-cherished belief of the Japanese that they are intrinsically superior to all other Asians, whom they ought therefore to lead.

Japan's next fifty years may be less gratifying than the last fifty. It comforts me that I will not be here to be blamed if my forecast is mistaken. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

help

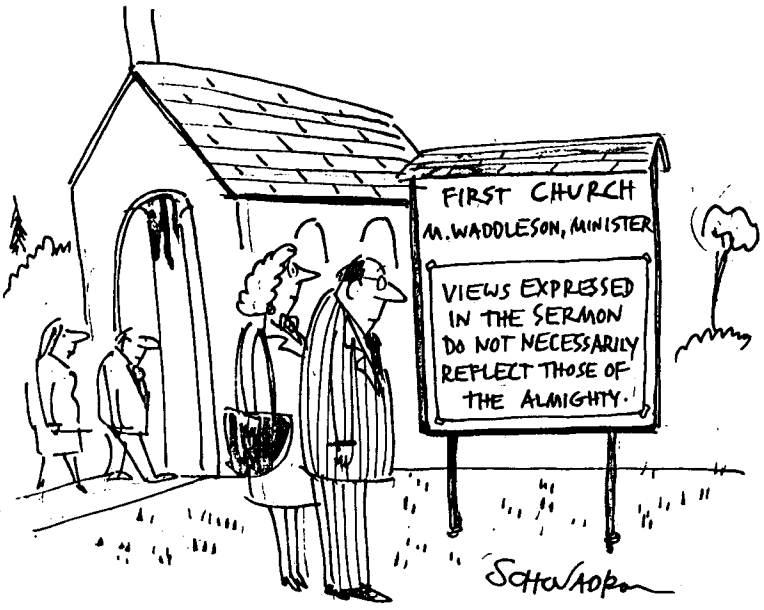


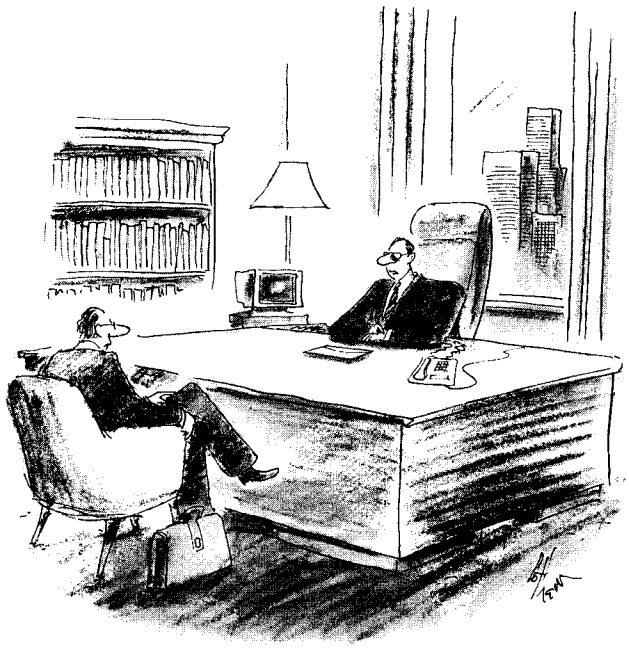
"If you're alone in here, who said 'Ribbit'?"

A Dumb Move

The IRS, which never learns,
Will, in the year Dick Armey burns
To stick a fat stake through its heart,
Assign Darth Vader types to part
A widow from her mite as if
The void ahead were not a cliff.

—W. H. VON DREELE





"I don't believe I could bear having such a small bribe on my conscience."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOP WATCH

Hearing Impaired

The fumblings on Waco and Whitewater suggest that, unless Republicans learn how to conduct hearings from a majority position, they ought not to hold them at all.

RAMESH PONNURU

THE Senate's special committee on Whitewater is listening as Clifford Sloan, a lawyer on the White House counsel's staff, describes a search of Vince Foster's office on July 22, 1993, two days after Foster's death. Earlier, Michael Spafford had testified that Sloan had noticed scraps of paper inside Foster's briefcase that day. The White House has contended that nobody found the scraps of a note by Foster until July 24. Now Sloan says that his "recollection is very limited." But Sen. Bill Frist (R., Tenn.) is puzzled: how can Sloan simultaneously dispute Spafford's account and maintain that he does not remember the incident well?

Sloan's attempts to wriggle off this hook are mildly entertaining, but not many people are paying attention. The room is mostly empty. "Why should anyone come?" asks a congressional staffer. "Everyone knows nothing's happening."

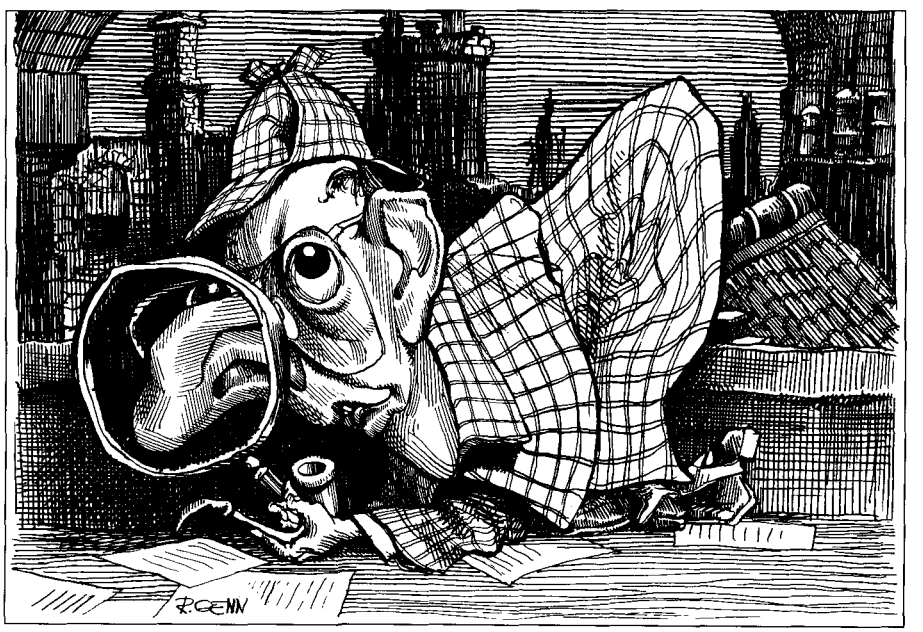
Critics of the hearings are disappointed both by the lack of press attention and by what they see as insufficient zeal on the part of chairman Alfonse D'Amato (R., N.Y.). They complain that White House aide Patsy Thomasson was questioned superficially and released too early, leaving unanswered questions about her search of Foster's office and her visit to his house the night of his death. They also fault D'Amato for releasing Maggie Williams, Hillary Rodham Clinton's chief of staff, without pressing her about multiple phone calls she received that night from Mrs. Clinton and from Susan Thomases, a friend of the First Lady. Committee member Lauch Faircloth (R., N.C.) has urged D'Amato to call Mrs. Clinton to testify under oath. ("What did she know and when did she know it?" demands one committee staffer.) And critics like Reed Irvine, head of Accuracy in Media, continue to push Republicans to examine whether Foster really committed suicide.

D'Amato is unlikely to follow this advice. His way of conducting the hearings has brought him favorable coverage from the *New York Times* and the *Washington Post* for the first time in his career. The praise would almost certainly turn to criticism if the hearings became more aggressive. And the media would also draw attention to issues D'Amato would rather avoid. Before the hearings the *Times* alluded to D'Amato's "checkered ethical history," warning him to "proceed with a gravity that matches the seriousness of the financial questions to be addressed in the days ahead."

For all the complaints, the hearings *have* uncovered new information. In addition to the Spafford testimony, senators heard a Secret Service officer assert that Maggie Williams emerged from Foster's office with a stack of files on the night of his death. A former White House aide said that Miss Williams had ordered him to carry a box of Foster's records to a locked closet in the residential wing of the White House, from which the First Lady could retrieve them. Foster's secretary said that an index detailing the Clintons' personal files was missing from the office at a point when, according to the White House, nothing had yet been removed. Other testimony, albeit at third hand, suggested that Justice Department lawyers were not permitted to look at Foster's papers because the First Lady wanted to limit the search. And notes by Foster revealed that Whitewater (a "can of worms you shouldn't open") was troubling him in the weeks prior to his death—contrary to the report by former independent counsel Robert Fiske that "there is no evidence that he did have such a concern."

Perhaps just making these facts public—without any thorough quizzing of witnesses by the new toned-down D'Amato—will be enough to get the press digging anew into the scandal as the hearings continue into 1996. But it's a gamble.

WHILE the Senate Whitewater hearings have drawn mixed reviews, almost everyone agrees that the House hearings on Waco went terribly for Republicans. The hearings were supposed to examine



Mr. Ponnuru is NR*'s national reporter.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

whether blunders by federal agencies caused the deaths of 86 people in the Branch Davidian compound. But Republicans, led by Bill Zeliff (N.H.) and Bill McCollum (Fla.), let the media and Democrats change the subject to two irrelevant topics: the National Rifle Association's role in the hearings and the sins of David Koresh.

Rep. Charles Schumer (D., N.Y.), and the *Wall Street Journal*'s Al Hunt, began the campaign to discredit the hearings as, in Hunt's words, "a Sop to the Gun Lobby." But the specific charges were often flimsy. The NRA took some heat for hiring Failure Analysis Associates—a respected company whose main client is NASA—to examine the scientific evidence in the Waco case. In order to determine whether the Branch Davidians had, as alleged, modified semi-automatic guns to automatic guns in violation of federal law, Failure Analysis Associates sought to examine X-rays of the fire-damaged guns. The Justice Department refused the request because the company would not name its client. (The NRA then identified itself as the client, but the Department has continued to refuse the request.) The campaign apparently spooked Rep. Zeliff, who disinvited the witnesses whom the NRA had suggested. Failure Analysis Associates, for instance, was unable to present the committee with the strong evidence it had found that the FBI had used far too much tear gas in its assaults on the compound, probably rendering some people unconscious and therefore unable to escape the fire.

While the Republicans did not listen to witnesses who would have helped them make their case, they showered attention on witnesses who undermined it. Kiri Jewell, the 14-year-old who alleged that Koresh had sexually abused her four years ago, dominated the first day's hearings and the next day's press coverage. NRA officials who worked on the hearings are still scratching their heads over the scheduling of her testimony. "Schumer never let the Republicans do anything like this when he ran the hearings," gripes one. Worse, he says, the Republicans had "no points to make, no theme of the day, no visual for the nightly news."

The format of the hearings also undermined their effectiveness. The original plan was to give a small group of well-prepared questioners enough time to pursue a line of inquiry. But Republicans immediately acceded to Democrats' requests that every congressman observe a five-minute rule so that more people could participate. This rule resulted in a lot of repetition and not much follow-through. Some Republican congressmen —especially Bob Barr (Ga.), Ed Bryant (Tenn.), and Steven Schiff (N.M.)— managed to ask effective questions and make clear points anyway. But they couldn't rescue the hearings. Tanya Metaksa, chief lobbyist for the NRA, says that "the Republicans . . . may have been in the majority, but the Democrats ruled."

Until they unlearn the reflexes of a minority party, Republicans might be better off not holding hearings at all. Not only do they look timid; more importantly, incomplete or incompetent hearings fail to achieve their higher purpose of uncovering the truth. The various conspiracy theories on Vince Foster's death will remain alive unless D'Amato's committee thoroughly investigates the nagging questions it raises, as House Banking Committee Chairman Jim Leach's hearings will focus exclusively on Whitewater's financial aspects.

Nor, if Zeliff's experience is any guide, does excessive caution guarantee rewards in the media. The day after the Waco hearings, a *New York Times* editorial described him as "rabid" and accused him of "us[ing] the hearings to feed the fantasies of the gun lobby and the militias." Vince Foster isn't the only one in Washington with self-inflicted wounds. □

Patterns Of Conspiracy

Intricate yarns of secret meetings and insidious plots unravel when the right thread is pulled.

TOM BETHELL

CONSPIRACY theories are all the rage, and for the most part they are wrong, but in fairness they often do contain a kernel of truth. That is what makes them so hard to shake from the minds of their adherents. Conspiracists do, at least some of the time, detect a *pattern* to events that is real enough. Then they deduce a conspiracy as the explanation of the pattern, and that is (almost always) where they go wrong.

The key is to distinguish between the pattern and its explanation. Imputing the pattern to a conspiracy, far from illuminating the subject, has a most counterproductive effect. The pattern itself, so explained, begins to look suspiciously like a figment of the paranoid imagination.

In his much-praised book *The Paranoid Style in American Politics*, Richard Hofstadter noted that one ingredient was belief in a conspiracy "to bring the economy under the direction of the Federal Government." Does anyone doubt that elites sought to bring the economy under federal control? After World War II, officials used the leverage of foreign aid to encourage central planning in the Third World, and would have done the same thing at home if domestic politics had permitted. But arguing that centralizing the direction of the economy was sought conspiratorially is so wrong that it discredits the very idea that the pattern of centralizing behavior even existed.

Take the business of a conspiracy to achieve world government—an abiding element of conspiracy theorizing, endorsed by today's militiamen. The goal of world government is considered ridiculous by some of the very people who spent their lives dreaming about it. They advocated it, and invested a fair amount of energy in the idea. But once they heard they were "conspiring" to at-

Mr. Bethell, an NR *contributing editor, is a visiting media fellow at the Hoover Institution.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tain it, their ridicule of the non-existent plot also conveniently dissociated them from the goal and made the idea of world government itself seem silly.

The World Federalists still exist, by the way. In fact, they convened in San Francisco at the time of the "UN at 50" celebrations in June. Somewhat deflatingly, the president of the organization turns out to be the comedian and actor Sir Peter Ustinov. His speech was treated by the *San Francisco Chronicle* as a moment of light relief amid all the earnest self-congratulation. "Sir Peter, in Rare Form," was the headline. "Ustinov is a hit with eccentric peace group." The paraphrase of his speech treated the one-world goal as a joke:

> World federalism is bound to catch on any day now. The planet will come to its senses, wars will cease, nations will buddy up and a new international court will convict the ringleaders in Bosnia for the "repellent and stupid" evil of ethnic cleansing.

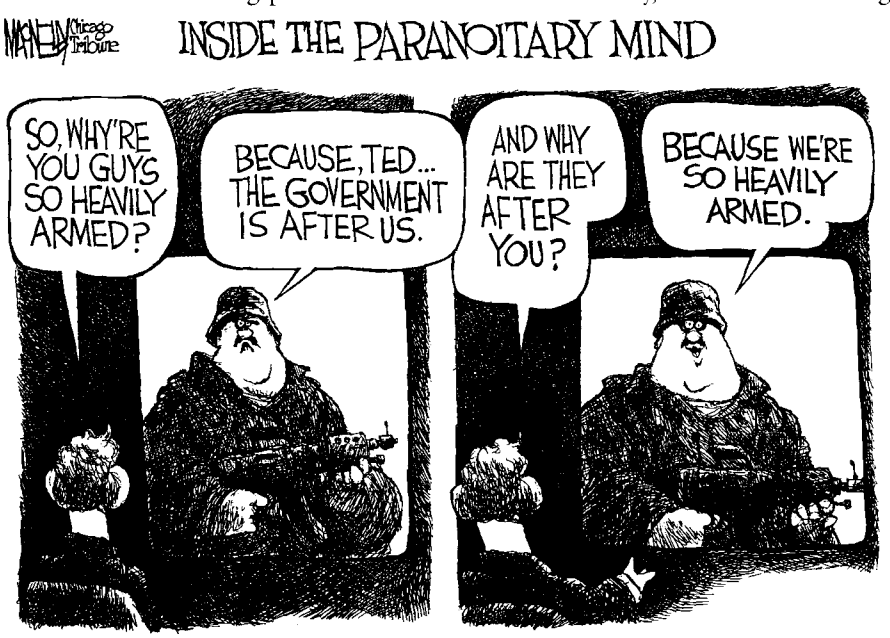
Still, a lot of influential people in the last fifty years have *hoped* for world government, and they haven't entirely given up yet. The European Community is a child of such hopes. The founders and organizers of the EC believed that the world would be a better place when nations gave way to a larger, bureaucratically controlled entity. A purely elitist endeavor, with little support or even comprehension at the popular level, the goal of a supranational Europe has nonetheless advanced further than one might have guessed it would. Conspiracists and their critics please note: a lack of candor was integral to that advance. The EC's advocates long pretended that an *economic* community was their goal —mere free trade. Lack of candor is not the same thing as conspiracy, of course, but it does bear a family resemblance. The phrase *conspiracy of silence* conveys an idea that is closer to the truth here, and it is a useful notion in considering these matters generally. (In Britain, official secrecy surrounding the pro-Soviet espionage activities of Sir Anthony Blunt was a real conspiracy of silence.)

Many hoped that the United Nations would be a way-station en route to world government. Today, of course, the UN is prominent in the conspiracy theories of the militia movement. Black helicopters are the grim harbingers of a UN takeover of the United States. Belief in such conspiracies goes back thirty years or more. In 1963, the *New York Times* reported that theorizers of the day believed the United States was about to turn over its armed forces "to the command of a Russian colonel in the United Nations. . . . A U.S. Army guerrilla-warfare exercise in Georgia is in actuality a United Nations operation preparatory to taking over our country." Chinese troops on the Mexican border were dressed up in "deceptively dyed powder blue uniforms," and so on.

UN conspiracies make no sense. They never were plausible, but they are less so now than they were thirty years ago. The UN will have to struggle to survive at all in the years ahead. It has "largely vanished from American textbooks," as Barbara Crossette wrote in the *New York Times*, and its prestige has plummeted. It's hard to imagine a Justice leaving the Supreme Court to become ambassador to the UN today, as Arthur Goldberg did in the 1960s. Most senior UN officials have been corrupted; not by power and ambition but by their tax-free salaries and their comfortable lives. Servants and secretaries help them get through the day and perform their non-existent jobs. All they want is for this to continue until they retire.

As for the UN's function, far from threatening to take over the U.S., it increasingly masks unilateral action *by* the U.S. (true in Somalia and Haiti, for example). The militiamen have it precisely the wrong way around. The organization conveniently lends a veneer of world consensus to U.S. foreign policy.

What about the international bankers' conspiracy? I doubt it, but a good way of scotching such ideas would be to stop bailing out banks with taxpayers' money. The Domino Theory of International Finance is always trotted out on these occasions: Let one part of the system fail, and the rest will topple because everything is connected. I don't believe it. What is credible is the (very different) Moral Hazard Theory: Bankers will continue to make careless loans as long as they are confident that their political clout will rescue them. But to say that is precisely to undermine the idea of a conspiracy. If the true explanation of Bankers' Immunity (from market adversity) is that they are powerful enough to change the law to suit their convenience, then conspiracy (a risky business) immediately becomes superfluous.


MAHEN Chicago Tribune
INSIDE THE PARANOITARY MIND
SO, WHY'RE YOU GUYS SO HEAVILY ARMED?
BECAUSE, TED... THE GOVERNMENT IS AFTER US.
AND WHY ARE THEY AFTER YOU?
BECAUSE WE'RE SO HEAVILY ARMED.

THE key to understanding real conspiratorial activity is that it attempts to achieve an illegal goal. A conspiracy is a secret agreement to spring an illegal surprise. Illegality is essential, otherwise football huddles and surprise parties would count as conspiracies. (A surprise party is a kind of benign conspiracy, nonetheless, and in following the contours of conspiracy in other respects it helps to clarify thinking on the subject.) In analyzing an alleged conspiracy, then, ask if its goal is legal. If so, the conspiracy is surely a fantasy.

Labor organizing illustrates the point. It was once conspiratorial, and was prosecuted as such. Workers colluded to raise their own wages and if necessary threaten violence upon their replacements. In the twentieth century, however, organized labor won sufficient privileges and immunities from the state to legalize these actions. The conspiratorial element disappeared forthwith. It is a comment on the balance of power

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in the twentieth century that the same collusion among producers (minus the violence) is treated as conspiratorial to this day.

Consider now the international Communist conspiracy. Notwithstanding much liberal derision, this was real enough, because the Communists tried to do a lot of illegal things, including espionage. Congressional action also forced the Party itself into a legally difficult position. For a while, pro-Communist activity was driven underground by such measures as the Smith Act, which made it a crime to advocate the violent overthrow of the government—as the CPUSA had done. Likewise the Subversive Activities Control Board, created by the McCarran Act in 1950, kept Communists on the defensive, and to a considerable degree "underground." The clandestine nature of much Communist activity, in the U.S. and everywhere else, encouraged the perception that it was illegal even when it was not. This suggests the great error made by the granddaddy of right-wing conspiracy theorists, Robert Welch, the founder of the John Birch Society. Welch is best known for his claim that President Eisenhower was a "conscious agent of the international Communist conspiracy."

In the *Blue Book of the John Birch Society*, published in 1959, Welch talked about exposing agents of this conspiracy. He mentioned "the head of one of the great educational institutions in the East (not Harvard, incidentally) whom at least some of us believe to be a Communist." Welch wondered how it might be possible to "prove it on him." But he doubted whether even a hundred thousand dollars spent on private detectives, "to keep him and his present contacts under constant surveillance for a while," would turn up the hard evidence.

He seemed to think of his suspect as analogous to a foreign spy. Most of the time a spy behaves normally. But now and then his briefcase turns into a transmitter and he taps out a message to "control." Anyone watching at that moment would be able to "prove it on him." In the same way, Welch felt, the university president must have his candid moments, perhaps speaking to another professor, also an agent. ("When you report back to Moscow, Lyman, tell them that I have just hired someone who will advance the Communist cause in the classroom.") Welch wanted to be a fly on the wall at that moment.

Let us assume the suspected man really was "soft on Communism" and longed for the day when it would prevail. Since the Cold War began, thousands in the academy would fit the description. But few were "conscious agents"; perhaps none. The analogy with the foreign spy breaks down because the quiet sympathizer could help the cause without being in touch with anyone and (by 1959) without breaking any law. If the university president was suspected of espionage, a conspiracy would indeed make sense. The merely pedagogic and propagandistic contributions that Welch had in mind violated no law. Therefore it makes no sense to posit that those who undertook them were "agents."

In order to keep the conspiracy going, elderly Illuminati must have met at some point with fledgling Communists, to turn over the keys to the mystery.

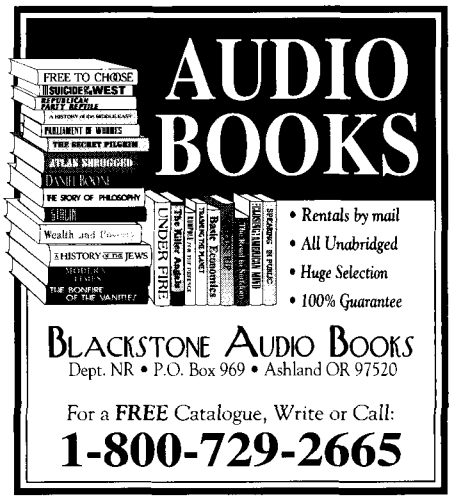
Moreover, those who were sympathetic to the Communist cause were quite willing to help without being paid, and could keep in touch with the vast community of progressives in the West by open communication—no risky codes or Soviet contacts needed. They needed no instructions. Gus Hall, head of the U.S. Communist Party, got it right when he observed that the number of enrolled Communists was small, but the number of "state-of-mind Communists" was large.

TODAY'S conspiracy theories include new elements and enduring features. Broadly speaking, the Communists have been replaced by the Federal Government—a most remarkable substitution. In his *New Yorker* article on conspiracies, Michael Kelly pointed out that a three-ring-binder version of Welch's *Blue Book* is the "sacred text" of the Militia of Montana. The original text is updated with "scraps of this and that, from here and there," purporting to show that "the globalists' scheme to subvert American sovereignty and reduce American citizens to vassalage is in its final hours."

The three-ring binder is perfect because it accommodates an odd aspect of conspiracism: old theories are not discarded, but are continuously updated, like papal doctrine. An ongoing best-seller is *Proofs of a Conspiracy*, dating from 1797. It speculates that a Freemason group called the Illuminati "plotted with the Jeffersonians to turn over the fledgling United States to followers of French enlightenment philosophy," according to the *New York Times*.

In order to keep the thing going, elderly Illuminati must have met at some point with fledgling Communists, to turn over the keys to the mystery; and more recently the last of the old Commies must have handed the secret baton over to a New World Order cabal within the Federal Government. How come no word of these clandestine meetings ever leaks out, by the way? And why do we have to make any assumptions about secret confabs when there are no constraints on open communication?

Their most peculiar feature is that these are conspiracies of insiders; conspiracies of the powerful. That is inherently implausible. Like the bankers who can persuade the Treasury Secretary to bail them out when loans aren't repaid, insiders are capable of changing the law to suit their purpose. They are not reduced, like Guy Fawkes and John Wilkes Booth, to the hazards of conspiracy. That is the main reason why liberals are so amused by right-wing conspiracy theories. They mistakenly impute an alien status to people who are in fact running the country. To that extent, the theories may actually underestimate the power and influence of those who are alleged to be plotting their way to power and influence. Militiamen who



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

see conspiracies have failed to recognize the extent to which the law already suits the purpose of their enemies.

Meanwhile, it's the militiamen who are creeping about the woods in camouflage fatigues, oiling their weapons, refusing to give their last names to reporters, burying caches of dried food, purchasing water-purification equipment for the emergency that is anticipated: in short, behaving for all the world like conspirators. Yet they contrive to believe that people with six-figure incomes who are invited to join the Council on Foreign Relations, who lead a leisured life attending international conferences and Trilateral Commission meetings, are the real conspirators. Against whom are they supposed to be conspiring? Why would they organize a putsch against themselves? What aspect of the law have they been unable to change?

Watergate was admittedly a conspiracy by people close to the apex of power, and it may seem to contradict the argument. But as conspiracies go it was a minor one: illegal methods were used to obtain information about those seeking the presidential nomination. That it was treated as a conspiracy, and its participants prosecuted, is a testament to the efficacy of the doctrine of the separation of powers; also to the influence of the press, which took the side of the legislative branch against the executive.

What many theories have had in common, from the alleged conspiracy of the Illuminati to that of the Communists, to today's New World Order, is the belief that, since the time of the French Revolution, secularism and the centralization of power have been consistently pursued. Unquestionably there is a lot of truth to that perception. As trends, they have been real enough. The obvious explanation is that a ruling or political class has long sought these goals, has advocated them openly, and has succeeded in getting enough control over the machinery of government to go a long way toward implementing them. They created the *Zeitgeist*. In order to do this, they didn't have to meet secretly at any point. What other explanation is there? □

Policing PC

How the government is stacking the deck in the debate over smoking.

THOMAS DILORENZO

STANTON Glantz, a professor of medicine at the University of California at San Francisco, is a major recipient of government grants for scientific research. He received more than $4 million from the state of California over the period 1989 to 1993 for his research on tobacco. But his research had nothing to do with the medical effects of tobacco use; it involved "tracking the political activities" of tobacco companies in that state. He was eventually defunded by the state legislature when it learned that the money had gone not for genuine medical research, but to "the kind of thing we [politicians] do to each other when we run for election," as State Assembly Speaker Willie Brown put it.

When Glantz's grant from the state of California was terminated he tapped into an even bigger revenue source—the Federal Government. According to material I received under the Freedom of Information Act, the National Cancer Institute (NCI) awarded Glantz $223,214 in 1994, the first installment of a three-year grant. According to the grant proposal, "the purpose of the project is to determine the extent and nature of tobacco-industry influence on state tobacco policy making."

Glantz couched his application in "scientific" terms, saying that "the central hypothesis of this research is that the tobacco industry increases its political activities in a state in response to activities by tobacco-control advocates." In other words, the NCI is giving Glantz almost a quarter of a million dollars per year for three years to "determine" that if anti-smoking activists lobby for smoking bans, then the tobacco industry will respond by defending itself. Nice work if you can get it.

Although the first page of the proposal sounds scientific, with a formal definition of a "central hypothesis," Glantz essentially admits later that his purpose is purely political: anti-smoking "advocates" might be "more likely to prevail if armed with information and insights into the strategies and tactics of the other." "Our study will examine specific tobacco-industry strategies and the most effective counterstrategies that tobacco-control advocates should use to counter the industry's actions. Providing such systematic information is the goal of this project."

There is nothing wrong with anyone's gathering information about his political adversaries. But to give taxpayers' funds to activists on one side of a political debate is, as Thomas Jefferson remarked in the Virginia Declaration of Religious Liberty, "sinful and tyrannical." The shareholders, managers, employees, and customers of the tobacco companies are, in Jefferson's words, being "compell[ed]—to contribute to a cause with which [they] disagree."

Americans have a right to petition their government, and campaign contributions are one way citizens have to express their views to legislators. There is nothing illegal about the campaign contributions Glantz is scrutinizing. And yet we are supposed to be shocked—shocked!—by his "results," to be obtained by "using a simultaneous-equations regression model," that "the greater the campaign contributions the tobacco industry made to a member of the [California] legislature, the more pro-tobacco he or she appeared to tobacco-control advocates."

MUCH of Glantz's "research" simply recounts his political activism over the past seven or eight years. For example, Americans for Nonsmokers Rights (ANR), a Berkeley-based political organization, was instrumental in lobbying for California's Proposition 99, the 1988 law that raised excise taxes on tobacco products and earmarked some of the revenue for political activism by organizations like ANR. One of the aims given in

Mr. DiLorenzo is a professor of economics at Loyola College in Maryland.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Glantz's NCI proposal is to interview his old cronies at these organizations to write up "a case study of the passage of Proposition 99."

One reason Glantz is recording a history of the Proposition 99 campaign is to provide a political "roadmap" for activists in other states. His collaborators include nonprofit anti-smoking activists, such as the Group Against Smoking Pollution (GASP), that will gain financially if excise taxes are enacted in their states. California's tax has raised over $3 billion thus far, and among the recipients of the revenues have been nonprofit lobbyists, who were paid as much as $265 per hour for their services, and university researchers who discovered such "truths" as that smoking may make one's skin wrinkle, and that "bad boys" are more likely to become smokers than well-behaved ones. There is a virtual goldmine for Glantz and his collaborators if his political intelligence gathering can be used to create similar sources of funding in other states.

The fact that the National Cancer Institute is supporting Glantz's research is a signal that it is moving into the political arena at the expense of medical research per se. Every NCI dollar that goes to a study of political coalition building is a dollar that is not used for cancer research. It is telling that Glantz himself is not a medical doctor nor is his chief collaborator in the study, who is a political scientist at the University of California. The top research assistant is a former employee of Common Cause, who has yet to earn even an undergraduate degree. It should not be surprising, then, that the research is all politics and no science.

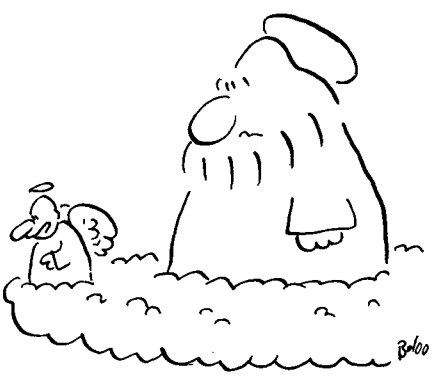
According to the proposal, extensive spying on "smokers' rights" groups will be conducted, an enemies list compiled, and the groups' activities "analyzed." Virtually anyone who opposes Glantz's prohibitionist agenda may be a target of his government-funded spying operation.

One of the primary arguments made by groups that oppose tobacco prohibition, according to Glantz's "preliminary research," is that such laws interfere with individual rights. They focus on "issues related to freedom, rights, liberty, the U.S. Constitution, and the paternalistic/exploitative/controlling nature of government," and they oppose "government coercion" and "big brotherism." They also encourage "tolerance," "respect for others," and "peaceful coexistence," according to Glantz. Glantz intends to catalogue all these arguments so that counterarguments can be made and incorporated into a "How to Lobby" manual for anti-smoking activists.

Once the arguments *against* individual rights, freedom, tolerance, and peaceful coexistence are refined and all the opponents of tobacco prohibition identified, Glantz intends to advance the former and discredit the latter by utilizing his "extensive database of media contacts," which he says includes CBS's *Evening News*, ABC's *World News Tonight*, ABC's *20/20*, ABC's *Nightline*, NBC's *Today* show, NPR, and even Oprah Winfrey. Taxpayers who disagree with Glantz's neo-puritanical political agenda may find themselves the subjects of a CBS *60 Minutes* interview or of derogatory commentary on NPR.

To give taxpayers' funds to activists on one side of a political debate is, as Thomas Jefferson remarked in the Virginia Declaration of Religious Liberty, "sinful and tyrannical."

Anti-smoking activists in California have already proved that they care little for civil liberties. They used taxpayers' money, for example, to pay teenagers to conduct "sting" operations against convenience-store owners, an activity condemned by local police as "vigilantism." The teenagers were hired to try to buy cigarettes in order to "spotlight the widespread illegal sale of cigarettes to minors," according to the *San Francisco Chronicle*. More than a hundred sting operations were conducted, prompting the police chief of the town of Novato, California, to ask, "What are they going to do next, put drunk drivers out on the road to see if they're caught?" The non-profit group STAMP (Stop Tobacco Access for Minors), a state-government grantee, justified the "merchant education" program by arguing that "a lot of people out there support what we're doing." What a lesson to be teaching children! As long as "a lot" of people agree with the ends, the means are justified.



"This should be good—Adam just claimed seniority."

A PREDICTABLE consequence of punitive taxation is the creation of black markets controlled by criminals, and tobacco is no exception. Already in California, cigarette smuggling from Mexico is a burgeoning business, and convenience-store robbers increasingly target cartons of cigarettes. In Canada, where excise taxes are several times higher than in the U.S., as much as a third of all cigarette sales reportedly take place on black markets. "Organized crime is already involved in smuggling cigarettes from the U.S. to Canada," according to Jack Killorin, a spokesman for the U.S. Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, and Firearms. Because of this, Canada recently rolled back its $3.50 per-pack cigarette tax.

Glantz is not at all interested in these problems and has apparently learned nothing from drug prohibition. "You know, in my view, illegal drugs is a trivial problem," he told a group in Los Angeles, a city that has been rocked by drug-related crime. But why should he worry? According to my Freedom of Information Act data, he earns as much as $25,000 for a single appearance at an OSHA hearing as one of the nation's premier anti-smoking "activists."

The NCI's funding of Glantz's political crusade is a gross abuse of bureaucratic authority. Congress has not banned the sale of tobacco products, but the bureaucrats at the NCI have taken it upon themselves to sidestep Congress in order to promote de facto prohibition.

Smoking may be a vice, but, to paraphrase the nineteenth-century writer Lysander Spooner, vices are not necessarily crimes. It is the aim of the politically correct in any generation, however, to turn vices that involve only consenting adults into crimes. To

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Spooner, this would have included the prohibition of gluttony, prize fighting, tobacco chewing, smoking, snuff taking, idleness, hypocrisy, and even corset wearing. It becomes a matter of which of our vices are objected to by our national nannies.

The greatest danger in all this, as Ludwig von Mises once explained, is that once it is acceptable for government to determine what goes into our bodies, it is a logical next step to control what goes into our minds. Once the freedom to consume is lost, we are on the road to losing all freedoms. "The naïve advocates of government interference with consumption delude themselves," Mises wrote, "when they neglect what they disdainfully call the philosophical aspect of the problem. They unwittingly support the cause of censorship, inquisition, intolerance, and persecution of dissenters." Professor Glantz, take a bow. □

No Devil In Devolution

Governor Engler and Senator Abraham take aim at Robert Rector's views on block grants (NR, *April 17).*

JOHN ENGLER

WASHINGTON, D.C., has demonstrated that it cannot win a war on poverty, despite having spent $5 trillion in the attempt. The best thing Washington could do is get out of the way—quit hoarding money and power so that our states, communities, and private charities can offer genuine help of the sort the poor need to improve their lives.

In recent years, reform-minded governors repeatedly went to Washington and practically begged to be allowed to fix a broken system. Now, with the 104th Congress in session, there are welcome signs that the days of groveling may soon be over. But, as the *NR* article by Robert Rector exemplifies, some conservatives, especially inside the Beltway, remain skeptical of my call to get Washington out of the poverty business. They do not think no-strings-attached block grants constitute real reform. They complain that the proposal 1) puts no conservative principles such as work requirement in place; 2) is not fiscally prudent, since one group of politicians is spending money raised by another group of politicians; and 3) plays into the hands of state welfare bureaucracies that supposedly are even more liberal than the federal welfare bureaucracy.

Let's examine these assertions.

1) Those who complain about the lack of federal control reveal a condescending view of the states. They forget that the fifty governors have at least one credential that *nobody* in Washington has: we must actually administer the welfare system. We know what needs changing and how to change it.

Michigan does not need direction from Washington bureaucrats. Three years ago, Michigan instituted an array of welfare-reform initiatives that is beginning to yield dramatic results.

One goal of reform has been to enable welfare recipients to accept more responsibility for their lives and to go to work. Michigan recipients of Aid to Families with Dependent Children must sign a Social Contract that obliges them to work, train for a job, or volunteer in their communities at least 24 hours a week. As a result, the number of Michigan AFDC recipients earning income is up to an all-time high of 29 per cent, compared to just 8 per cent nationally.

A second goal has been to shrink the welfare rolls. Again, as a result of our enforced Social Contract, over 60,000 cases have been closed since 1992 because those families are earning enough to be independent. Consequently, Michigan's AFDC caseload has declined to its lowest level since 1973.

A third goal has been to keep at-risk families intact. In Michigan, our family-preservation programs have a proven track record of reducing foster care and helping many troubled families work through their problems. If a family cannot stay together, hope need not be abandoned: our adoption reforms have dramatically increased the number of children—especially minority and hard-to-place children—finding new homes.

A fourth goal has been to lower the illegitimacy rate. Efforts of the public/private Michigan Abstinence Partnership have helped bring about the lowest teen pregnancy rate here in a decade.

A fifth goal has been to save money. Two years after implementation, Michigan's reforms saved taxpayers over $100 million.

The argument for federal control seems to assume that wherever the Federal Government has stepped in, it has outperformed the states. That assumption is just plain false.

Faith in Washington's ability to solve problems is really based on nothing deeper than Washington's ability to borrow money—and that faith is what has racked up a national debt of nearly $5 trillion. The states have proved that they are more fiscally responsible.

Furthermore, the continuously declining social indicators demonstrate Washington's inability to tackle the problem. Would anybody argue that giving the Federal Government the lead role in welfare has improved the lot of the poor?

2) The second criticism from Washington critics is that states receiving block grants won't be fiscally prudent. Please—spare me. It takes chutzpah for someone in Washington to make this argument. Most governors do every year what has not been done for almost three decades in Washington: balance the budget. The enormous pressure on state budgets will require governors and legislators to do their utmost to spend money prudently.

Moreover, the fifty state governments are extremely competitive with one another. If they are allowed to experiment, the competition among them will create what is tantamount to market forces for reform. Those states whose benefits are too generous will bust their budgets, and the politicians responsible will be

Mr. Engler is governor of Michigan.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE TOP 10 REASONS TO COME ON NR'S 40TH ANNIVERSARY CRUISE

10. Possibility We May Invade Cuba. The National Review 40th Anniversary Cruise will take place this October 28th to November 4th, and will hit the exotic Eastern Caribbean ports of San Juan (where there's everything from the excitement of top-flight casinos to unsurpassed sight-seeing), St. Thomas (a shopping paradise), and St. Maarten (home to some of the world's most beautiful beaches). If the mood hits us, we'll swing by neighboring Cuba and give Fidel a scare.

9. Ted Kennedy Will Not Be Driving. We'll be sailing aboard Celebrity Cruise's MV *Zenith*, a premier luxury ship featuring all the amenities and pampering service expected of one of the world's leading cruise lines.

8. More Food than Even Bill Clinton Can Eat. Will your appetite ever be tempted by our Cruise vittles. Take the *Zenith*'s five-star cuisine rating, add in the fact that delectable meals and snacks are available throughout the day, throw in complimentary 24-hour room service, and you've got yourself a floating gourmet's paradise. Of course, you can make up for all the fine dining by paying a visit to the *Zenith*'s well-appointed Olympic Health Club.

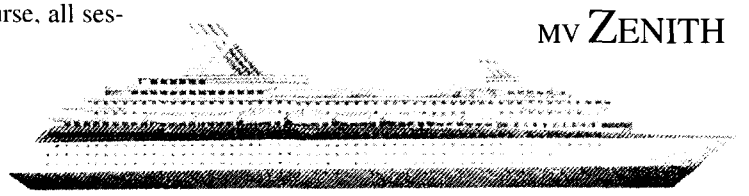
7. Chance to Live It Up for a Week Like Ron Brown. We've got amenities that would make our Commerce Secretary drool: a luxury cruise where you can do whatever you want. So come to some or all *NR* events, or nap the afternoon away in a deck lounge chair, or try your luck in the Mayfair Casino, or relax in a steamy sauna, or enjoy the Broadway-style entertainment in the Celebrity Show Lounge, or soothe those tensions away with a massage, or do a belly-flop in the Marina Deck pool.

6. Event Ruled "Politically Incorrect" by FDA. The 40th Anniversary Cruise will feature three exclusive gala cocktail bashes, two evening "smokers" (the menu: fine cigars and liquors) and an afternoon champagne reception. We've been told such stuff is politically incorrect—and in defiance of FDA regulations. In other words, relax, bend an elbow, light up, and enjoy yourself for once.

5. Pat Schroeder Jokes Required Beyond Three-Mile Limit. Don't worry, we've rigged it so that, once we reach international waters, you won't have to endure leftist babble. Indeed, we're throwing three exclusive, strictly *conservative* get-togethers with the editors of *NR*: they include a speech from Bill Buckley, a special mock "Firing Line" hosted by Bill, and a political panel discussion (the topic: What'll Happen in '96) with *NR* editors. And of course, all sessions will allow for ample Q&A.

4. Arlen Specter Is Not Coming. Judge Robert Bork and the Christian Coalition's Ralph Reed will be *National Review*'s special guests. Need we say more?

MV ZENITH



3. Costs Less Than One HillaryCare Payment. Here's what you get on *NR*'s 40th Anniversary Cruise Celebration: seven days and nights in a spacious, gracious luxury stateroom, all entertainment and meals, transfers, taxes, gratuities, port charges, and admittance to all *National Review* functions. The cost: as little as $1,975 per person (which is far less then one HillaryCare payment would have run you)! Plus you'll receive a $100 per person discount if you book your cabin before Labor Day!

2. No O.J. Here's an really different way to escape from the "Trial of the Century," by hanging around with John O'Sullivan, Ed Capano, Rick Brookhiser, Peter Rodman, Dusty Rhodes, Kate O'Beirne, and a host of other *NR* luminaries. Shmooze with 'em, comment on their clothing, as well as their opinions. And heck, while you're at it, why not ask them to buy you a drink!

1. Be the First on Your Block to Say "I Went Sailing with Bill Buckley!" Yes, William F. Buckley Jr., sailor *extraordinaire* and the founder of *National Review*, will be there. The 40th Anniversary Cruise is your opportunity to meet WFB, to ask him that question you've always wanted him to answer, and to join him in celebrating his favorite magazine's 40th birthday.

Book Your Cabin Today: Call the NR Cruise Information Line at 1-800-707-1634

Peachtree Travel Management, Inc.

THE CRUISE AUTHORITY

Celebrity Cruises

Offer is in $US, per person, double occupancy. Rate includes all port charges, taxes, PFC and gratuities. Space is subject to availability, categories are on a first come, first served basis. Guest in attendance subject to change without notice. Celebrity's Zenith is of Liberian Registry.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

run out of office. Those states that do not do enough to help the poor help themselves will earn the opprobrium of the media and people around the nation. States will seek public/private partnerships, such as Michigan's partnership with the Salvation Army, to confront the challenge of poverty. They will invite private charities to resume the historically important role they have played in bettering the lives of the poor.

3) The third criticism, that state welfare bureaucracies are even more liberal than the federal welfare bureaucracy, is just plain wrong. Activist governors can guide the bureaucracy in their states to implement good policies. Indeed, it is liberal federal rules and regulations that have gotten in our way in Michigan.

To give you some idea of just how perverse Washington's incentives have become, consider one case in Michigan. An AFDC client with young children living in public housing refused to take part in our mandatory work program. So we cut her AFDC grant, reducing her income by 25 per cent. What was the result? When her income went down, her Section 8 public-housing subsidy went up, and her Food Stamp allowance went up. That meant the initial sanction for not working was canceled out. She found herself better off sitting at home. Now *that's* perverse.

I HAVE been pushing for no-strings-attached block grants because they will free the states to implement creative reforms that work. But let me be clear. Block grants are not an end in themselves; they are a halfway house in the long road to reform. Ultimately, Washington should get out of the poverty business altogether. The states should raise the money for their own programs, rather than sending taxpayer dollars to Washington for an expensive night on the town. The states should be free to form partnerships with the private sector and encourage private charities to minister to the poor.

But democratic action is often a long and cumbersome process. True federalism in the area of welfare will not be achieved in a year or two. We must always remember, as the wise Russell Kirk often reminded us, that politics is the art of the possible. I believe that no-strings-attached block grants are politically achievable in the 104th Congress. At the very least, they will take us much closer to the goal of true federalism than will block grants micro-managed from Washington. □

IN REPLY

. . . And from the Senate

BOTH Robert Rector and John Engler have pointed out forcefully how incompetent the Federal Government has been at running our welfare system. It makes sense, then, for these gentlemen to argue that we should move as quickly as possible toward state control over all aspects of welfare policy. But, while we are making some progress dismantling unneeded federal agencies, we have a long way to go before we can restore true federalism in America.

Both Mr. Rector and Governor Engler are well aware that true federalism in the welfare arena will not come soon. That is why both men concentrate on outlining proposals that they hope constitute intermediate steps moving us in that direction.

The question, then, is which attainable policy will move us furthest toward true federalism, and which will provide tangible and lasting benefits in the meantime. From the perspective of the United States Senate, it seems clear to me that the answer is not Mr. Rector's "conservative" federal rules, but rather the no-strings block grants proposed most forcefully by Governor Engler.

First, no-strings block grants will generate momentum toward true federalism. Federal bureaucrats will not easily give up the power, prestige, and job security that comes from running the welfare system. If we are to break Washington's grip on welfare and move toward true federalism we must begin by taking away the power to micromanage state programs.

With increased control over their own welfare policies states will be able to set to work as "laboratories of democracy." Unlike Mr. Rector, I do not believe that states are somehow congenitally liberal and incompetent. Rather, they have been demoralized and debilitated by decades of subservience to federal bureaucrats. Governors like Mr. Engler and Wisconsin's Tommy Thompson have shown what can be done by states that have won even marginal freedom back from the Federal Government.

When governors regain control over their welfare policies they will not easily let go again—be they liberal or conservative. They will commence experimenting with public/private partnerships, incentives, disincentives, and local controls, and they will gain experience running their own systems. The result will be policy that is better thought out, better suited to local circumstances, and better able to withstand centralizing assaults.

This is not to say that the Federal Government is or should be irrelevant to the welfare issue at this stage. We all want to reduce out-of-wedlock births (without increasing abortions) and to increase work among welfare recipients. And so, any block-grant approach should mandate that such goals be achieved in exchange for federal dollars. But we must resist dictating the specific rules and regulations states use to meet these goals. Those with ideas on how to achieve such goals (e.g., family caps, work requirements, requirements that mothers establish their children's paternity before receiving welfare payments) should take them to the states. States are closer to the people and more capable of changing policies to fit new information or their own unique circumstances. And, to the extent that any strings are attached, we also should consider allowing states to opt out of federal requirements if they believe local circumstances make them unworkable. The spirit of federalism, as well as its logic, requires that states be the judges of their own needs and circumstances.

As a result there will be a much greater likelihood of achieving the Engler/Rector goal of true federalism in the welfare arena. And in the meantime we will have a smaller central government, reinvigorated states, and a chance for welfare programs to finally help poor people work toward the American dream.

—SPENCER ABRAHAM

Mr. Abraham is the junior senator from Michigan.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE VICE PRESIDENT
WASHINGTON

August 5, 1995

Dear Rusty,

I'm getting a bigger office!

For the past couple of years, space has been pretty tight in the West Wing, so I've made do with a smallish office next to the Private Dining Room—I've always kept my big office across the street in the OEOB, but to be close to Bill, I've pretty much worked out of the West Wing, in an office so cramped that I couldn't open my ThinkPad all the way.

Well, finally, there's a little more room. We've knocked down the wall between what used to be Mandy Grunwald's office and what used to be George Stephanopoulos's office, and connected them to what used to be Stan Greenberg's office (right down the hall from what used to be Paul Begala's office) and what used to be Mark Gearan's office. So my office is a little more roomy—plenty of room on the couch for Bob Squier—and the walls are finally thick enough that I won't bug Leon Panetta when I play "Descent" on my desktop COMPAQ with the HighRes SoundCard on "Blaster" mode.

And also, finally, the mood around here is a lot lighter—and not just because we've got more office space. In all honesty, a lot of that space is earmarked for other things—Mrs. William Jefferson Clinton, for instance, is giving up her West Wing office to the envelope stuffers for the "Run, Ross, Run!" campaign. And Park Rangers and Justice Department investigators have sealed off Mack McClarty's office suite until they have fully investigated his strange and unexplained disappearance.

Still, even in the heat of August, everyone's cheery. For one thing, Bill's approval ratings are soaring (mine, I may have mentioned, have held solid at 63% for years and years); and for another . . . well, actually, it's just the approval ratings. But that's enough. Not to brag, but when Bill is reaching Gore-like heights of popularity, well, what can I say? I think Tipper's book proposal, "Surviving the Worst—Al and Tipper Gore's Year of Trial" may be a little premature.

We've had a string of foreign-policy non-disasters—starting with normalizing relations with Vietnam. It was time, Rusty, to heal the wounds from that bloody and troubled time in our nation's history. When I voluntarily gave up my college deferment and voluntarily joined the armed forces to serve my country in a war I didn't agree with—others made a different choice; hey, time to move on; no judgment here—little did I know how important it would be in the future to keep the Chinese guessing, and how convenient it would be to do that, thirty years later, by allowing the Vietnamese to purchase fully licensed "Beavis and Butthead" paraphernalia. Two birds with one stone, Rusty. Three, if you include Bill's war record, which I don't.

The second foreign-policy triumph was in Bosnia. We finally put that conflict to rest. Talk about statecraft! Next issue . . .

So all in all, as we cruise to Labor Day, things are decidedly on the upswing. The mood is positively giddy. When the Secret Service noticed someone lurking around the West Wing looking "exactly like the Unabomber," they wrestled him to the ground and beat him unconscious with their rifle butts. Turned out it was George Stephanopoulos, who had, unbeknownst to any of us, grown a mustache and beard. The Servicemen apologized and apologized, but George was pretty calm about the whole thing—he took it in stride. There was a time when something like that would have hit the newswires in an instant, but these days, the media's not terribly interested in George Stephanopoulos. I mean, the guy grew a mustache and a beard and no one even knew it.

With the poll numbers looking up, we're all breathing a little bit easier on this whole Whitewater matter. The hearings are still going on, but mostly what they've revealed is that the Clintons had a whole lot of friends and a very wide circle of acquaintances, and many of these friends offered the Clintons—in friendship—investment advice. (Arkansas is a hotbed of investing, apparently.) And that most of these friends told some of the acquaintances not altogether the truth about these investments, and in any case, they've complied fully with every request for information, except for the requests they haven't, and the documents are being reviewed.

See what I mean? I may as well settle in, because I've got an extra four more years surfing the 'Net from this office coming my way!

Gotta go! The whole staff is getting together in one of the empty offices to stuff "Dole in '96" envelopes.

Your pal, Al

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS, ARTS & MANNERS

Just the Facts—Please

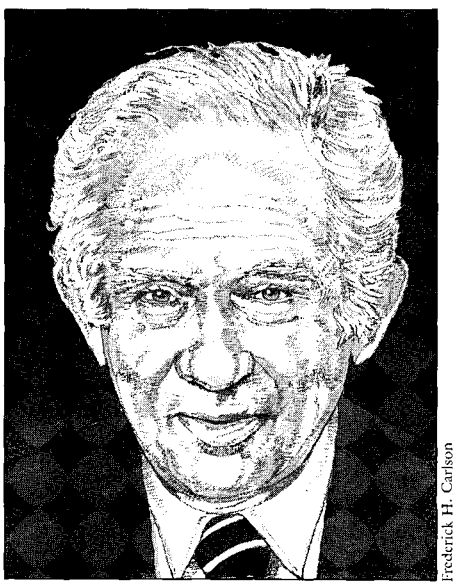
JACOB COHEN

AFTER living nearly three years in the USSR, Lee Harvey Oswald —accompanied by Marina, his Russian wife, and their infant child—returned by boat to America in early June of 1962. During that trip Oswald jotted down a kind of political testament, using the stationery of the Holland-America line, and Norman Mailer offers one passage from those notes as a proof-text for his thesis that President Kennedy's (probably) lone assassin was a solipsistic anarchist cum nihilist, who was ultimately oblivious to the myriad conspiratorial sirens close about him who may have tried to lure him into their service. With stoic intensity and with an idealistic ruthlessness reminiscent of the great-souled heroes and antiheroes whom he had studied—Lenin, Mao, Hitler, Castro—Oswald tried to forge a new world single-handedly by murdering the most vibrant living symbol of the old. "I wonder what would happen," he wrote, "if someone would stand up and say he was utterly opposed not only to the government, but to the people, to the entire land and complete foundation of his society."

Oswald's Tale: An American Mystery, by Norman Mailer (Random House, 791 pp., $30)

A novel theory (and very much a novelist's theory), which I shall comment on, but first let me point out that according to one of Mailer's principal sources, Edward Jay Epstein—whose "landmark" book *Legend* Mailer praises to the skies—this passage was actually dictated to Oswald by a Russian-speaking agent on the ship who was further coaching him in the legend of the dreadfully unhappy, highly erratic, suicidally unstable, murderously impulsive, lonely leftist nut that the Soviets created as cover for their operative. Indeed, according to Epstein, everything of significance that Oswald ever wrote was a KGB concoction: his letters seeking readmission to the United States, his "Historic Diary" (on which Mailer relies heavily), the detailed notes he prepared on life in the Soviet Union (which Mailer includes in a long appendix to support his notion that Oswald was an extremely intelligent observer and critic of the Soviet system), the Holland-America notes, which were found, and apparently were intended to be found, among Oswald's effects after the assassination.

Clearly, Epstein's view of Oswald and Mailer's are mutually exclusive, or so it would seem. Furthermore, there could not be a more devastating factual disproof of Epstein's thesis than is inferable from the impressive Russian section of Mailer's book, which is based on many new interviews with co-workers, friends, sweethearts, KGB observers, and high officials, and on many declassified KGB documents detailing the unrelenting human and electronic surveillance of Oswald's every movement and intimate conversation while in Russia. In this small mountain of evidence there is not a hint of anything supporting Epstein's surmise. The picture of Oswald in Russia revealed by Mailer's new evidence shows a surprisingly inept, somewhat lazy, irresolute, romantic, intellectually banal homebody and fantasist, whom the understandably suspicious Russians finally found to be boringly unsuspicious.



Frederick H. Carlson

It is not only Epstein's theory that is blown out of the water by Mailer's Russian research (or, to be more precise, by the research of Mailer's team of researchers, who seem to have supplied him with nearly everything he knows) but the theories of hundreds of conspiratorial speculators who have found cabalistic signs of intrigue in every alleged detail of Oswald's stay in the Soviet Union. And when Mailer takes the story to America, leading us "kaleidoscopically," as he puts it, out of Oswald's meticulously examined marriage and his frenetic activities right up to the murder, he demolishes (as have others before him) many of the major theories of the conspiracists.

Aficionados will appreciate the significance of Mailer's (always hedged, but palpable) conclusions that Oswald probably had no significant contact with David Ferrie (a key player in most scenarios) or with the Mob; that he had no contact with anti-Castro Cubans except those he himself intentionally staged for his own singular reasons; that speculations involving Guy Bannister and George DeMohrenschildt finally lead nowhere; that whether or not rogue elements in the CIA and/or rogue elements in the FBI contemplated using him for their roguish purposes, he was always his own man, himself using them, if indeed there was an actual "them"; that there is nothing suspicious about the failure of the Dallas police and other inquisitors to tape-record Oswald's inter-

Mr. Cohen's essay "Yes, Oswald Alone Killed Kennedy" appeared in Best American Essays: 1993.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rogation after the arrest; that the famous photographs of Oswald armed with rifle and pistol and holding copies of the Trotskyist *Militant* and the Communist *Daily Worker* are not forgeries created to frame him.

I particularly admire Mailer's sweet appreciation of Ruth Paine, Marina's magnificent friend, who, logically, must be a sinister player in any theorized conspiracy. It was on her initiative that Oswald got the job at the Book Depository, from which he killed the President. (Actually, Oswald took the job three weeks before the decisions were made that brought the President to the doorstep of his assassin.) If Ruth Paine is noble beyond peradventure or suspicion (which is how Mailer portrays her) a major link in the narrative chain leading to an alleged conspiracy is severely weakened.

Why then does Mailer seem so reluctant to highlight his most potent finding: that one man, Oswald, an isolated little titan, did it all? Annoyingly, he constantly waffles, maintaining deniability like some cautious President, dallying with familiar conspiracy conjectures only to then worm out of them.

Furthermore, why does he profess admiration for views of the assassination diametrically opposite to his own—such as Epstein's, and Carl Oglesby's "brilliant" theory of a *coup d'état* considerably more convoluted than the one posited by Oliver Stone? Thus Mailer subtly denigrates the secondary sources that buttress his own conclusions and from which, indeed, he has openly appropriated (and paid for!) nearly every factual detail, gobs of prose, and many of the interpretations in his account of Oswald in America. For instance, he accepts every detail of Gerald Posner's meticulous demonstration (in *Case Closed*) that Jack Ruby could not have been party to a conspiracy to kill Oswald and then, with an ingenuity rivaling that of the O. J. Simpson defense team, wrenches those very facts into a *tour de force* of conspiracy speculation in which he claims that Ruby might still have been under Mob orders to rub out Oswald (the Mob having mistakenly assumed that the killing had been arranged by some rogue element of itself), that Ruby ran away from those do-it-or-else orders, and that he then fatalistically obeyed them when, against all reasonable expectations, he accidentally bumped into Oswald.

And, of course, there is the now obligatory trashing of the Warren Commission. Mailer does not have the decency to ponder why the conclusions of the Warren Report, in the big picture, are very similar to his own.

The most important explanation of these annoying features is Mailer's idea of the role of the novel and of himself as novelist. Throughout his career, Mailer has affected the Emersonian stance of the "transparent eyeball," the great-souled writer through whom radiate all the contradictory currents of his Age, and who, therefore, need only consult the encyclopedia of his own protean Self to understand and to convey the world.

Moreover, notwithstanding his remarkable ability to imbibe and render huge amounts of technical and detailed information, Mailer basically has little respect for the independent power of factual truth, as he openly proclaims several times in *Oswald's Tale*: "There are no facts—only the mode of our approach to what we call facts." I was astonished by his cavalier dismissal of the question of how many assassins were firing at Kennedy as irresolvably complex, when one would think that a substantial part of his thesis depended on a clear answer to that, as a matter of fact, very answerable question.

For Mailer it is not the historians and scientists who can instruct us on these matters, but the literary artists, who command solely by the capacity of their tales to inspire imaginative assent. There are no "solutions" to the mysteries of life and history, only narrative explorations. Epstein and Oglesby then aren't really "wrong": they are artistic colleagues. (But then neither would the Warren Commission be wrong, and Mailer's criticism that it failed to study the matter deeply enough to resolve the mystery is made in bad faith.)

ONE wishes Mailer had said frankly what Don DeLillo said in his novel about Oswald, *Libra*: "Because this book makes no claim to literal truth, because it is only itself, apart and complete, readers may find refuge here." But Mailer's is a far grander literary conceit: he propounds the preposterous notion that the nation has gone into spiritual decline because no artist-king has given it a myth of its loss in which the magnitude of the soul of the killer matches that of his victim: "So long as Oswald is a petty figure, a lone twisted pathetic killer who happened to be in a position to kill a potentially great President . . . America is cursed with an absurdity." "Historical absurdity . . . breeds social disease." If he can make his novelistic account succeed, by a kind of sheer artistic will-to-power, America will be rescued—by Norman Mailer, would-be artistic prime minister of the world.

Again Mailer is tilting here against the Warren Commission, and assuming a single assassin. But a graver mythic challenge comes from the camp of the conspiracists, who propose a much punier Oswald and a universe of far more pungent absurdities. DeLillo, who found in the assassination of Kennedy exemplification, if not precisely verification, of the fictional world he had constructed in all his previous work, is the deeper rival.

In this version, the President was finally killed by a concatenation of plots, all of which, as in many DeLillo novels, turn out differently from the way they were originally intended. Indeed the very notion of realized intention is anathema here. A rogue element of the CIA, angry at a Kennedy who has abandoned his efforts to depose or assassinate Castro, plans an *unsuccessful* assassination attempt which will be accompanied by bogus proofs that Castro has tried to kill our President. The nation's zeal to remove Castro will be rekindled. Needed are gunmen to enact the *mock* assassination and to escape. And that brings the rogue element into contact with other on-going conspiracies: anti-Castro fanatics in New Orleans, right-wing Kennedy-haters, Mafia types.

Then a rogue element of the rogue element decides that it will not be enough that the mock assassins shoot and escape—a would-be assassin, a patsy, should be caught.

Enter Oswald. He is the quintessential figure in a DeLillo novel: a plaything of mysterious forces that have incoherently shaped his life, protean in his susceptibilities, and miraculously appropriate for the job. The "deep coincidences," as DeLillo terms them, and the plot twists metastasize.

DeLillo's lesson is this: We are all helpless patsies, buffeted by unfathomable systems upon systems. We are left with the bottomless suspicions of the public paranoid who avers, as one of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the voices in *Libra* puts it, that "something else, something that jerks you out of the spin of history," is behind everything.

As we have seen, Mailer is not entirely free of this post-modern fustian. But when his book is most what it is striving to be, it presents a refreshingly old-fashioned countermyth to the conspiracists—again, an Emersonian countermyth, of history made by singular intention and triumphant effectiveness. His Oswald is entirely his own man, and the assassination is entirely his doing. Effectively summarizing the best that has been learned and said about Oswald—his savage marriage, his waxing and waning sexuality, his possible homosexuality, his quotidian fecklessness, his rages and brutality, his tenderness, his monstrous mother, his overweening resentment, his utter isolation —Mailer draws a beautifully nuanced, touchingly human being. Oswald's dyslexia has been written of before, but no one has conveyed the metaphor of private eloquence within public bumbling to such powerful effect. Mailer's Oswald is, of all things, highly intelligent, even something of an intellectual, as we are convinced by the author's clever decoding of Oswald's dreadfully spelled and ungrammatical prose.

Most original of all, Mailer, as usual reminded of himself, sees the imperial passion, the titanic hubris, of Oswald's sense of his historical mission. (Oswald once told Marina that one day he would be prime minister of the world, a fact Mailer somehow missed.) Mailer sees the contingency and coincidence, too: if Oswald had succeeded in his earlier project of killing the right-wing fanatic General Edwin Walker, who, he said, was a budding Hitler; if Ruth Paine had not gotten him a job in a building right next to the President's route; if the other workers on the sixth floor had stayed there to watch the President; if Marina had not feigned another headache the night before; if Oswald had missed or only wounded the President, as Hinckley only wounded Reagan—there would have been no book, no Oswald. But on the other hand, a lesser man would not have been waiting with his rifle, would not have shot, and that imperial passion is the cause of causes; in that regard, Mailer is right on target.

However it is not countermyths in a world conveyed as mythic to its core that are needed to cure us of this assassination. Americans can survive a quotidian Oswald. We can survive contingency. What is needed is artists and historians who restore confidence in a world of public fact and Aristotelian logic. A world where phony possibilities are excluded by empirical study, contradiction is a scandal, and reasonable doubt is earned by rational analysis and is not the same as any old doubt, any imaginable possibility, no matter how brilliant. On these scores, *Oswald's Tale* fails to be what it could have been. □

Such, Such Were the Joys

TERRY TEACHOUT

THIS long-needed anthology tells one story and implies another. The first is of The Little Magazine That Did. The second is of all the people who read it, and what happened to them. Both are now a part of American history, though only one has been put on paper. Still, the first story is remarkable enough in its own right, and Priscilla Buckley tells it with put-out-more-flags panache both in her own introduction (whose only fault is that it does not so much as hint at the importance of the wonderful woman who wrote it) and in the 100,000-odd words she has chosen to represent the first 25 years of *NR*.

The Joys of National Review, 1955 to 1980, compiled by Priscilla L. Buckley (National Review Books, 270 pp., $25)

"NATIONAL REVIEW," she writes, "was launched to make the case for the rollback and defeat of Communism, and to wage combat with the dominant premises of the liberal establishment. Our writers aimed at those targets, most of the time, and were at their best when scoring against them." Most of the time, mind you: there are many lovely pieces in *The Joys of National Review* related only peripherally to the continuing struggle. I like to think Nika Hazelton's "Delectations" columns were "conservative" in some vaguely Oakeshottian sense, but I wouldn't want to make the case in court.

Nevertheless, *NR* has always been primarily a political magazine—or, more precisely, a fortnightly treatise on applied philosophy. In his foreword, the late William Rickenbacker put it neatly:

> It was almost forty years ago and we were young and full of beans and really didn't give a tinker's dam about anything or anybody except maybe our souls and the relation between them and the Mind of God and also maybe the almost equally sacred duty we felt to shake up an Establishment besotted and far gone in statism, sober it up, wipe the drivel off its face, and return it to navigating the good straight course laid out by those heroes, our Founding Fathers.

That sums up NATIONAL REVIEW about as well as the English language permits. In the eyes of the liberal establishment circa 1955, James Burnham was an apostate, Russell Kirk an eccentric, Willmoore Kendall a private joke, and Whittaker Chambers the Risen Antichrist. It was William F. Buckley Jr. who figured out how to cram them all into the same magazine with a minimum of bloodshed; who understood that America was full of frustrated men and women looking for an act of political self-definition more profound than voting for Ike and Dick; and who knew by instinct that a philosophy that has no room for laughter is not worthy of the name.

The fruits of his labors are sampled in *The Joys of National Review*, and I can't imagine a better pick of the litter. Different, yes: anyone with a good memory will have plenty of candidates for Volume Two. But Priscilla Buckley has sifted through all those bound volumes with unerring taste. Here is James Burnham on Eleanor Roosevelt: "At her macrocosmic level Mrs. Roosevelt makes all the world her personal slum; and on her flat-heeled shoes she charges her humorless way across oceans and continents as a lesser social-service lady pounds the sidewalks of Chicago's South Side or New York's Tenth Avenue." Here is Willmoore Kendall on diplomacy: "The ideal contemporary American ambassador is a man who flies abroad for the harm of his country." Here is Bill Buckley on the death of Evelyn Waugh: "Waugh got the best of the modern world, but paid a high price

Mr. Teachout writes about music for Commentary. *His latest book is* A Second Mencken Chrestomathy *(Knopf).*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for it: he gave it his genius." Here are the apostates and lost souls, gone but not forgotten: Garry Wills, Joan Didion, Joseph Sobran. And here, as ever and always, is "The Week": "Couldn't we move Israel to North Vietnam and let Nasser blockade the harbor at Haiphong?" "Mrs. Indira Gandhi has come up with a surefire solution to the current India–Pakistan border war. She suggests that Pakistan evacuate Pakistan." "Heading for retirement, George McGovern says he looks forward to having 'time to think.' Better late than never."

The first piece in *The Joys of National Review* (by John Dos Passos) was published nine days after I was born; the last (by George Will), six months before I sold my own first piece to *NR*. I am a member of the generation of Americans who learned what "conservative" means, and realized that that was what we were, from reading NATIONAL REVIEW. We subscribed to it in high school, dreamed of writing for it in college, sent in our change-of-address forms when we moved to Washington and New York to join the Reagan Revolution and fight the culture wars. Ours is the story only implied in these pages: they made us what we are today.

Politics aside, I wonder if any magazine has had so sweeping an influence on American intellectual life in the twentieth century. *The American Mercury*, *Partisan Review*, *Commentary*, perhaps the old *New Yorker*—these are its only peers. And surely *NR* was unique in the sheer breadth of its reach. It made Manhattanites and Washingtonians think twice, but it also found its way into the suburbs and small towns of America. We learned its lessons well: nearly all the right-wing campus papers of the Eighties were modeled after *NR*, sometimes to the point of plagiarism. Dozens of us broke into print in "Books, Arts & Manners" (thank you, Chilton Williamson); hundreds of us regularly sent letters we thought witty to "Notes & Asides." And we all—each and every one—wanted to be Bill Buckley when we grew up.

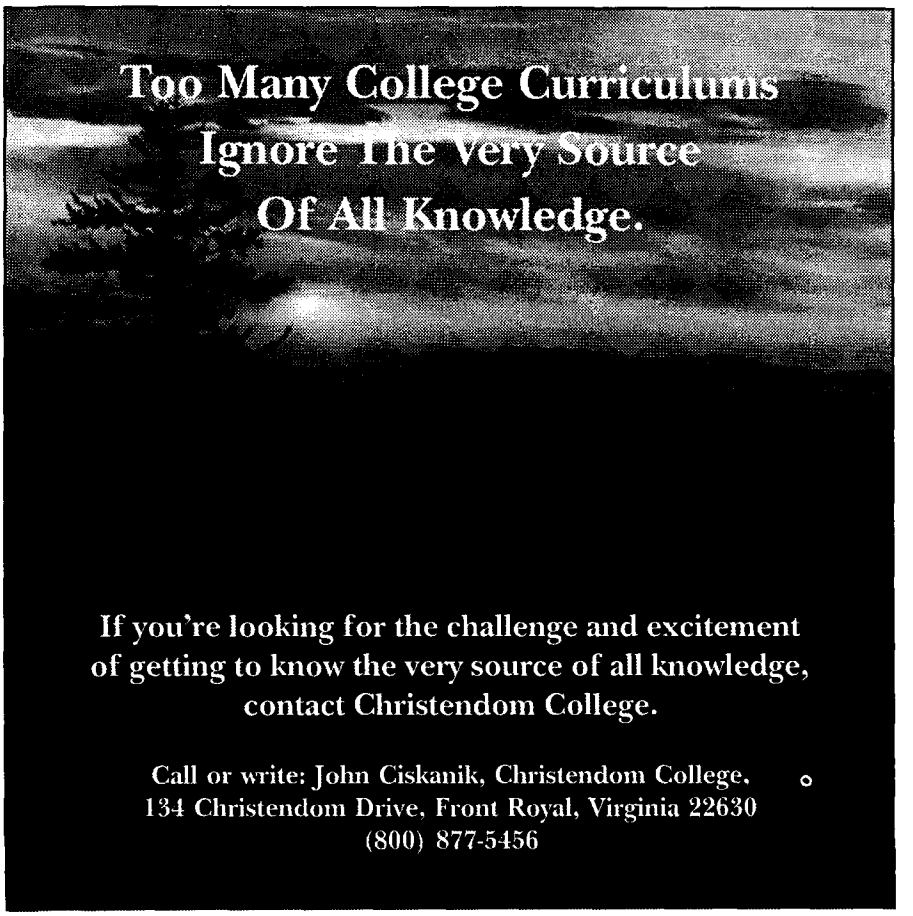
I remember exactly how it felt to discover *NR*. I loved it because it was fearless, and because it was funny. I even loved it for its clubbishness. For many young conservatives-in-the-making, *NR* was the only club we ever wanted to join. And so we did. *NR* celebrated its first quarter-century one month after charter subscriber Ronald Reagan was elected President of the United States. Remember the last paragraph of "The Week" that week? It's in here: "With the election of Ronald Reagan, NATIONAL REVIEW assumes a new importance in American life. We become, as it were, an establishment organ; and we feel it only appropriate to alter our demeanor accordingly. This is therefore the last issue in which we shall indulge in levity. Connoisseurs of humor will have to get their yuks elsewhere. We have a nation to run." I still have that issue somewhere, and I remember grinning until my cheeks hurt as I read that paragraph. Just as charter subscriber John Wayne always promised, the good guys won.

Fifteen years later, of course, the bad guys remain in the game, and so does *NR*, though much has changed in both quarters. "Today," William Rickenbacker writes,

> NATIONAL REVIEW has some 270,000 subscribers, it has put on long pants, and it has ceased raising Hell. I join every devoted reader in applauding its transformation into a graceful and wise maturity. But one may be forgiven, one hopes, if in the time of triumph one looks back with an eye not entirely dry and recalls as vividly as one recalls one's first big serious kiss what perfectly gorgeous fun it was, week after week, to tweak some high and mighty noses.

NR is still funny, and still fearless. But there may never again be another magazine that exerts the same kind of transforming force upon American life as did NATIONAL REVIEW in the Sixties and Seventies. The kids of Generation X don't gulp down magazines the way we did when I was a teenager. What *NR* was in 1975, Rush Limbaugh is in 1995, and something else will be in 2015—cyberspace, probably.

Which is why I found myself not only delighted but not infrequently moved to tears as I leafed through the pages of *The Joys of National Review*. Somebody once asked Malcolm X where he went to school, to which he replied, "Books are my alma mater." Well, *NR* was the alma mater of my generation of conservatives, and the pieces in *The Joys of National Review* were our required reading. So on behalf of my fellow alumni, I doff my hat to Bill (there is only one Bill) and his merry band of applied philosophers. They made us, and history too. □


Too Many College Curriculums
Ignore The Very Source
Of All Knowledge.
If you're looking for the challenge and excitement
of getting to know the very source of all knowledge,
contact Christendom College.
Call or write: John Ciskanik, Christendom College,
134 Christendom Drive, Front Royal, Virginia 22630
(800) 877-5456

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Provincial Childhood

DIGBY ANDERSON

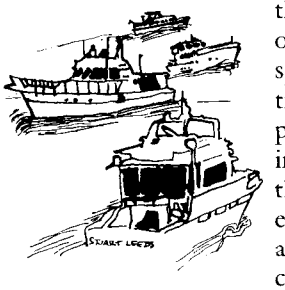
Margaret Thatcher: The Path to Power (HarperCollins, 656 pp., $30)

MARGARET Thatcher's father kept a grocer's shop in Grantham, a market and railway-junction town in the Midlands. Alfred Roberts was "a specialist grocer" selling sugar, coffee, biscuits, spices kept in "three rows of splendid mahogany spice drawers," and smoked hams "in a cool back room." The family lived above the shop, and Lady Thatcher remembers the aromas of coffee and bacon wafting upstairs. The childhood she recounts was, in her instructive phrase, "a provincial childhood."

The values she learned were those of English provincialism, but more than that. Mr. Roberts had known hard times, and his family valued hard work and thrift: "Nothing in our house was wasted and we always lived within our means. The worst you could say about another family was that they 'lived up to the hilt.'" Mr. Roberts was a Methodist lay preacher and a Rotarian, who valued both self-reliance and service to others. He was a Conservative and a patriot. These were the habits of mind and practice learned by the young Margaret Roberts.

I was recently reminding myself of the vocabulary of Left Hate. Over the long years in which progressive and especially Marxist ideas held almost total sway among intellectuals worldwide, a long list of pejoratives grew up to denounce their opponents and the many more folk who ignored them. The enemy overall were "capitalists" and "imperialists." There were traitors to class interests such as "scabs" and "blacklegs." Apologists for unprogressive causes were "reactionary" and "elitist." But one of the all-time and almost-any-purpose favorites was the sneer "middle class." Especially in France for a century and elsewhere in the Thirties and Sixties, many Marxists were also rationalists, immoralists, and partisans of unfettered self-expression. "Middle class" had the advantage of denouncing their moral and their political opponents all in one word. For the more sophisticated English sneerer with a devotion to internationalism and a desire to class himself with the super-sneering French artistic Marxist class, "bourgeois" was the word. Only one term was better. In a paradoxically elitist way, these would-be saviors of the lowest social orders reserved their most bitter bile for the "lower middle class" or "petit bourgeois." To English ears this last had the further advantage of suggesting pettiness; people obsessed with their narrow little lives, unquestioningly obeying some repressive religion, serving the class that exploits them, their gaze on their dull daily task, oblivious to the historic opportunities of struggle, solidarity, liberation, and promiscuity.

On any scale of "petit bourgeois" the Roberts family must have banged the bell off the machine. Not only did Margaret Roberts remain wedded to those values at school, at Oxford University, in her industrial employment, and in politics; she did something far worse. She remained wedded to them unapologetically, indeed proudly. *The Path to Power* thus explains why she was so hated by the progressive elite. In her rise to the leadership of the Conservative Party and the prime-ministership she took with her virtually unchanged the values clever people had consigned to history.



It is, however, a long way from values to policies. Lady Thatcher makes clear, for instance, that the corporatist policies followed by the Heath government (of which she was a member) from 1972 to 1974 at least initially enjoyed her support:

> It is important to remember that the policies Ted pursued between the spring of 1972 and February 1974 were urged on him by most important commentators. . . . There were brave and far-sighted critics who were proved right. But they were an embattled, isolated group. Although my reservations steadily grew, I was not at this stage among them. . . . Some of us (though never Ted, I fear) learned from these mistakes.

When she and a few others had recognized the mistakes as such, they were ready for new ideas—or for old ones that had been neglected. It is Keith Joseph who eventually finds and brokers the new ideas through his Center for Policy Studies under Alfred Sherman and his association with the free marketeers at the Institute of Economic Affairs. Again it is noteworthy that these were not tenured academics in established universities. They were intellectual buccaneers, mere outsiders. None of this is to say that the new ideas are not arguably rooted in an economic and political philosophy that can properly be called both conservative and Conservative: there's not much that Burke could have objected to in the Thatcherite project. It is simply to say that the Thatcherite revolution was not made by the Conservative Party. Indeed most establishment Conservatives were and still are hostile to it. "Hostile" is too mild. They were horrified by it.

The revolutionary process involved three things: the admission of mistakes, the possession of core values of liberty and personal responsibility, and the acquisition of "new" intellectual projects and policies. In trying to understand the fury that Thatcherism aroused, especially among intellectuals but also among bureaucrats and politicians, there are—apart from threats to personal interest such as loss of job, income, or power—three explanations. Some people, such as Edward Heath, could not admit mistakes, especially their own. Many more disliked the "new" ideas. Others were horrified by the values.

My own view is that this last explains not the number of her enemies but the intensity of their hatred. Mrs. Thatcher's decent and respectable petit-bourgeois values were a reproach to everything with which a decadent class had indulged itself. Her origins were scorned; her everyday moralistic language was mocked; her ordinariness was derided; her outsider status was ridiculed. This fury has all the marks of a corrupt class exposed to fresh air, moreover a fresh air it had thought forever to have confined to the provinces.

The Path to Power shows just how op-

Mr. Anderson is the editor of This Will Hurt: The Restoration of Virtue and Civic Order, *to be published next month by National Review Books.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

posed the Conservative Party and the establishment were to such values and thus the courage and tenacity Mrs. Thatcher displayed in taking them to the height of political power. And it was the values that the socialists and Communists despised as Victorian that eventually defeated them. Mrs. Thatcher did what the establishment had conspicuously failed to do. She tamed the extremist unions. And how fitting that Soviet Communism and its oppression should have been buried by an "out-of-work actor" and the arch-representative of the petit-bourgeois culture it so scorned.

The Path will be painful reading for some Englishmen. I had forgotten just how craven the Conservative Party had become before Mrs. Thatcher's election. For a long time even then, it had been practicing consensus, competing with the socialists in running a bloated welfare state and Keynesian economic policy. But under Edward Heath it finally sank to its knees. The story is all here and told dispassionately, with no point-scoring. There is no need to score points: they make themselves. What other word than "craven" can one find to describe that candlelit Britain, its electricity turned off, its working people kept on "Three Day Working Weeks," the bailouts of unsuccessful companies, the U-turns, a loose-money policy planting the seeds of inflation, the state policies on wages and prices, the threats of rationing, the government's pathetic attempts to do deals with blackmailing trade unions, and the ludicrous attempts to cobble together a government with the Liberal Party?

The story of how Mr. Heath was finally turned out and how Mrs. Thatcher won the leadership and then the general election of 1979 are also in these pages. Again, what is clear is how little credit can go to the established Conservative Party. Mrs. Thatcher was still an outsider. Her best friends were outsiders. Her values and her policies were those of the Grantham shop.

For slightly over a decade, respectable, decent Britons had a prime minister whose moral instincts were theirs. She took the things they value, dull daily virtues, and put them in charge of the nation's policies. They are *not* in charge any longer. The establishment is back. But that is of secondary importance. For those ten years were enough to show what these values can still do. She has given them credibility again. □

FILM

Spaced Out

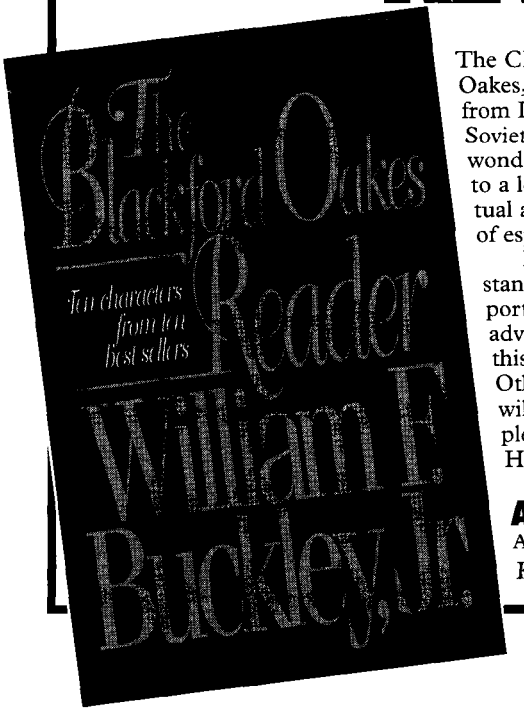
JOHN SIMON

KIDS was to be released by Miramax, which is part of Disney. But Disney boggled at the finished film, so Miramax created Excalibur, to release it, as it were, pseudonymously on its own. It is the first film of the 52-year-old still photographer Larry Clark, author of three controversial picture books, the second of them *Teenage Lust* (1983), all unknown to me. It has been the longtime ambition of Larry Clark to make a film about how teenagers really are, which, according to him, has never been captured on screen.

Enthralled by the freedom and "culture" of skateboarders, Clark learned skateboarding along with his 9-year-old son; he also hung out in Washington Square Park photographing them, which attracted the attention of a 19-year-old high-school dropout, Harmony Korine, who claims to be the grandson of Huntz Hall of the Dead-End Kids and Bowery Boys. Asked by Clark to write him a screenplay, Korine delivered it in three weeks. The film was made with amateur actors, many of them skateboarders, though skateboarding is seen only fleetingly in the film. "I think all my work has been cinematic-like," says the Tulsa-born, subliterate-like Clark, "and my whole life was preparation for making this film."

The action takes place during the hottest day and night of summer in New York City. Supposedly every word was scripted, although the sudden disappearance of some major characters and emergence of others, and what feels like a certain haphazardness of plotting and some rambling dialogue, may suggest otherwise. We do not get to know the

A MASTER SPY REVEALED



The CIA's brilliant spy, Blackford Oakes, ranged freely around the globe, from Iron Curtain Germany to the Soviet Gulag, in William F. Buckley's wonderful ten-novel series that brought to a legion of fans a uniquely intellectual and educational look at the world of espionage and counterintelligence.

In this anthology, Buckley selects stand-alone excerpts that paint a vivid portrait of Blackford Oakes and his adventures. Oakes fans will cherish this new look at their favorite stories. Others who haven't read the novels will be grateful for these rich samples of the Buckley magic.

Hardback, $18.95

ANDREWS and McMEEL
A Universal Press Syndicate Company
Kansas City

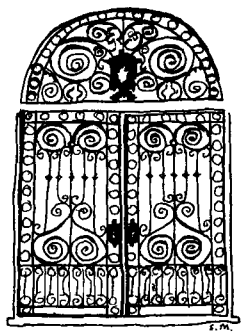
© 1995 Andrews and McMeel

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ages of any of the kids, though they seem to be mostly between 15 and 17, along with some very young and a couple of older ones. But only one parent is glimpsed briefly, the mother of the hero, Telly, nursing a baby as she smokes. She denies Telly the money he clamors for, which he promptly manages to swipe. Even during the film's final, all-night orgy, no parent is remotely in sight.

The movie begins with Telly's early-morning seduction (how did he get there?) of a sweet, blonde virgin in her room. This winsome creature does not even rate a name; the press kit refers to her as Girl #1. Leaving, Telly joins his friend Casper waiting outside, and gives him a full account of the intimate details; it appears that Telly specializes in deflowering virgins and aspires to have two at a time. He is proud of not having meant a word of his declaration of love. The boys' language is utterly gutter, and doesn't change much when, later on, some girls join the gang.

This takes place on the Upper East Side, and everything suggests middle-class kids. Later, confusingly, other clues point toward a lower social milieu. The cinematography, by Eric Alan Edwards, is documentary-style: much handheld-camera work, randomly catching traffic and passers-by, the jetsam and flotsam of city life, with the sound recording often (deliberately?) muzzy. The boys steal a peach from a fruit stand, a bottle of cola from a food store; they blithely jump over subway turnstiles. They keep talking sex in ways that would do hardened cons proud, and head for the apartment of Paul, a young man of Levantine appearance, where, with a bunch of other boys, they do drugs and talk more sex.



Now the film's favorite technique takes over. Clark crosscuts between the boys and some girls in another apartment talking about *their* sexual experiences, extensive and varied, and discussed in considerable detail. Jennie, a former girlfriend of Telly's, is surrounded by black and Hispanic friends, and oral intercourse is the chief topic. Back and forth we go between complementary exploits of the two groups. Then another element is introduced: a visit to the hospital by Jennie, who is Anglo, and Ruby (circa 15) who is a dark-skinned Hispanic. Ruby casually enumerates to the nurse the number of her lovers, her unprotected copulations, and her indulgences in anal intercourse. Nevertheless, she turns out to be clean; Jennie, whose only lover was Telly, is HIV-positive. We never see Ruby and Girl #1, both charmers, again.

One of the main plot strands now is the tearful Jennie's search for Telly, whom she keeps missing. Another is the boys' hitting the Park, buying and pinching some dope, skateboarding, fag-bashing, getting into a pointless fight with an older black youth whom they all stomp on, then leave lying there, possibly dead. Eventually, a bunch of boys and girls proceeds to collect Darcy, the virgin Telly intends to seduce next. Then they all sneak into a closed public swimming pool to disport themselves, including getting a couple of girls to kiss each other avidly although without feeling anything.

At night in a discotheque, Jennie is still vainly looking for Telly, but someone forces a pill down her throat. She takes taxis and more taxis (a rich kid, evidently), and ends up at that all-night orgy, witnessed by some very much younger kids turning on, talking dirty, and impatient to be old enough to participate. Telly has just given Darcy the same line he fed to Girl #1, and gets permission from the host, a buddy, to take her to the parents' bedroom. Overcoming Darcy's feeble defenses, he seduces her. Copulations in the film are long and fairly detailed, but shot cannily so as to reveal minimal flesh. It is during this seduction that Jennie bursts in on Darcy and Telly, who roughly orders her out. Disconsolate, she collapses among a bunch of inert bodies.

Casper is lying nearby, tries to talk to her, but finds that the pill has knocked her out completely. Promptly, he is having intercourse with Jennie, though the girl never fully awakens as the rape runs its course. On the morning after, in a quick final shot, Casper has just learned that he has possibly contracted the virus Jennie—and now perhaps Darcy—got from Telly, and is scared stiff.

I don't think I am doing a disservice to Clark and Korine by rapidly summarizing this plot that gestated 52 years and three weeks. Those who want to avoid such a movie will have heard enough about it from other sources; those who want to see *Kids* do not go for the surprise element. The interest here, in any case, is in the details, even in such seemingly irrelevant ones as the legless black beggar rolling through the subway cars on a sort of skateboard. Sporting a T-shirt reading, "Kiss me, I'm Polish," and chanting, "I have no legs," he is ignored by all.

The question, of course, is, Is it really like that? The press kit cites authoritative-seeming figures that tend to corroborate these goings-on. Even so, certain particulars too clearly meant to shock (e.g., Telly brutally kicking his cat out of his way) make one wonder. Just what lurks under the quasi-documentary approach: a moralist's warning or a middle-aged man's envy? In neither case should one shoot the messenger: both good and harm can be done in spite of oneself. But the film is a bit too personal for a documentary, too impersonal for a work of fiction. A work of fixation, then, neither to be swallowed whole nor to be dismissed out of hand.

■ What to say about Ron Howard's ***Apollo 13***? It is a technically accomplished piece about technology and true-life adventure. We know that the three astronauts headed for the moon and, although one oxygen tank blew up on them, came back alive; thus no real suspense. How the men at NASA headquarters toiled like Trojans to help bring them back is impressive to watch, but resembles too many fiction films we have seen. That the airborne trio had to make some risky, resolute moves, and that ingenuity and heroism, above and below, had to work wonders is, for me, undercut when all this centers on buttons, knobs, and switches, on a technology I find it hard to get with.

Yet the understated script, direction, and acting deserve praise. Tom Hanks, who has the aw-shucks, all-American charm with which to turn even a fictional half-wit into a hero, has no trouble making a real-life hero such as Jim Lovell enormously appealing. Kevin Bacon and Bill Paxton are similarly well cast as Swigert and Haise: the one first brash, then gingerly; the other bluffly jovial, then racked by fever in an icy, cramped capsule. In Houston, as the grounded astronaut Mattingly and flight commander Kranz, Gary Sinise and Ed Harris give engrossing performances. Kathleen Quinlan does her graceful best as the anxious wife in some cliché scenes of family ordeal, totally unsalvageable.

Mr. Simon is NR*'s film critic.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

And there is also the obnoxious score by James Horner, with yesteryear's celestial choirs dragged out of retirement, and cinematography by Dean Cundey that remains all too terrestrial. At least the pokes at commercial television are justified and apt. Patriotic viewers of this film, which opened on the Fourth of July, will get more uplift from it than from a thousand fireworks displays. Yet amid all the critical raves, I have seen no discussion of the cause of the near-loss of three gallant lives: the malfunction of a superannuated coil that should have been replaced well before liftoff. Such a miscue is conceivable "upon this sublunary stage," to quote William Cowper; in lunar exploration, however, with so many NASA experts at full throttle, it seems a trifle lax. □

SOUND ON DISC

Back-to-Back Bach

RALPH DE TOLEDANO

OF THOSE who devoted much of their professional lives to the celebration of Johann Sebastian Bach, Pablo Casals was and is the exemplar. As a measure of that devotion, consider that he studied the Unaccompanied Suites for Cello for 12 years before he played them in public. This was not modesty, for Casals was always aware of his musical stature. But he realized that this work—but a small part of the 45 volumes of the Bach *Gesellschaft*—was a kind of unbuttoning of the Baroque cello that could only be adequately transmitted from the mind to the fingers by getting to the core of its complex thought. Otherwise it would be simply a room-emptier.

Casals once remarked that he preferred the recordings he had made on the old 78-rpm shellacs. The LP eliminated surface noise and the CD brought "digital remastering," but they lost some of the brilliance and clarity of orthophonic recording in its last days. The EMI reissues of the suites on CD make his point.

Those suites were, in a sense, Casals's property. He had brought them out of obscurity in his youth—he played them first before an audience when he was 25—and he continued refining and deepening his interpretation until he had gotten to what he *knew* was the guts and the mind of Bach. Now EMI has issued a new reading of the Unaccompanied Suites by Mstislav Rostropovich, the very fine Russian cellist and conductor, on two CDs and on two VHS cassettes. The VHS version has the added interest of Rostropovich's commentary on each of the suites, with a handsome and warmhearted tribute to Pablo Casals—in Russian, with a running English translation. Rostropovich is an engaging man, and watching him play allows us to observe his excellent technique on a cruel and inhuman instrument. In his remarks, however, Rostropovich confesses that he was intimidated, almost fearful, of taking on one of Bach's very demanding works and Casals at the same time.

Rostropovich gives us all the notes, but playing Bach requires much more than that. There are no prescribed dynamics in Bach's score—the performer must arrive at them by logic and inductive reasoning. Rhythm is a vital element in the Baroque, and Bach made sharper differentiations than his contemporaries. Rostropovich shows in his comments that he has given much thought to the score and to its musical, intellectual, and emotional content—as he has to all of Bach's work. Yet there is a rhythmic and dynamic sameness in his playing. What he gives us is earnestness and devotion—but something more is needed. Any cellist has a long way to go to reach beyond what Casals gave us. Perhaps in time there will appear another stocky, bald, and pipe-smoking Catalan who will "reinvent" what Pablo Casals invented before the turn of the century.

■ Music and performance have their peaks and hollows. I put aside the suites and turned to Casals's recording of Bach's Three Gamba Sonatas for cello and, as we do it now, piano, which Sony recently reissued. Though some will find this strange, I laughed with pleasure at the absolute rightness of the playing and the sheer perfection of Casals's cello intonation and phrasing. Casals is accompanied by Paul Baumgartner, who does well in the partnership. But there would have been more balance and integrity had he been sitting at the harpsichord for which Bach wrote.

■ We do hear Bach's harpsichord in the Virgin-Veritas recording of the Goldberg Variations. It is in works such as these that his contribution to the Baroque looms especially large, for he was an anthologist of all the voices, from Italian to Flemish, that made up the music of his times. In her very fine unfolding of the score, Maggie Cole lets the Variations speak clearly and fully.

■ Virgin-Veritas, an EMI company, has also issued another recording of the Brandenburg Concertos. Playing the instruments of Bach's time, the Linde

Mr. Toledano is the author of Frontiers of Jazz *and many other books.*

THE RONALD KNOX PRIZE

1st Prize -- $10,000

The Ronald Knox Prize will be awarded to the finest new translation of designated portions of the Latin Mass of the Roman Catholic Church. The translations will be judged by a jury for literary grace and clarity, for their capacity to be read aloud and for their assumption of God's authority and solicitude. Participants will be provided with the Latin text and current English texts for their reflection; conscientious regard for essential meaning will be assumed by the judges. Entries must be submitted by February 1, 1996.

For those wishing to participate please write or call:
Wethersfield Institute, 230 Park Ave., #1528, New York, NY 10169
phone 212-949-0949 fax 212-949-0543

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Consort, directed by Hans-Martin Linde, delivers a reading that stands with the best. What places this CD in the "must hear" category is the inclusion of Bach's great Musical Offering, a virtuoso work that transcends the virtuoso. Ever since Mendelssohn discovered the forgotten Bach, the Musical Offering has been hailed as "pure music." It is a gripping and luminous work, and a commentary on Bach's rich and solid theological contemplations.

■ It is less of a leap than we once thought from Bach to Verdi, for though they wrote in different idioms, they spoke the same language. As evidence of that contention, I offer Verdi's *Messa da Requiem*, written to commemorate the death of Alessandro Manzoni, one of the *Risorgimento*'s greatest writers. Wagnerians dismissed Verdi as "a corrupter of Italian artistic taste" and the *Requiem* as hurdy-gurdy operatics. This is nonsense, as is the assertion that the score reflects the composer's "agnosticism." Verdi did not shake the gates of Heaven as peremptorily as Berlioz does in his *Requiem*, but his knocking reverberates.

For many years I turned to the old 78-rpm recording of the *Requiem*, reissued on CD by EMI, of Beniamino Gigli, Maria Caniglia, Ebe Stignani, and Ezio Pinza, conducted by Tullio Serafin—a recording both taut and resplendent, with singing, especially Gigli's, in the beautiful Italianate style. But I confess that a new recording from Philips—by John Eliot Gardiner, with Luba Orgonasova, Anne Sofie von Otter, Luca Canonici, and Alastair Miles—does not reach me. For one thing, the dynamics of the recording force one to leap up repeatedly to turn down the volume of the orchestral passages and to turn up the volume for the voices. I will stay with the Gigli–Pinza–Serafin version, even though the new recording includes Verdi's *Quattro Pezzi Sacri*, which I deeply admire. Perhaps today's operatic voices are not what they once were, notwithstanding Signor Pavarotti's battering ram, which takes everything at high volume, while giving us a look at his tonsils. □

DELECTATIONS

Twentieth-Century Blues

LINDA BRIDGES

NOEL COWARD is, for most of us, epitomized by Elyot and Amanda standing on that balcony, trading languid epigrams ("How potent cheap music is"; or "I wonder whose yacht that is." "The Duke of Westminster's, I expect—it always is"). But one of Coward's finest, and least known, plays is a world away from *Private Lives*—a big, untidy, emotional extravaganza called *Cavalcade*. It follows the Marryots, an upper-middle-class London family, and the Bridgeses, who start out as their servants, for thirty years, beginning just before midnight on December 31, 1899. *Cavalcade* has some clever lines (as when fireworks marking the turn of the century are followed by yowling from the nursery, leading Jane Marryot to remark, "How very impolite of the twentieth century to wake the children"). But the focus is on ordinary human hopes and fears and griefs, set against the broader historical canvas—Mafeking night; the death of Queen Victoria ("Five kings riding behind her"); the horror of the First World War; the febrility of the Twenties, giving way to the depression of the Thirties ("Blues, twentieth-century blues, are getting me down").

Cavalcade would, I suspect, be economically impossible to produce on Broadway today. It has a cast of more than sixty; and while there is a lot of music in it, it couldn't be billed as, or priced like, a musical. But what commercial theater can't do, a determined repertory company can. The Shaw Festival in Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ontario, has brought back its 1985–86 production, with many of the same actors (notably, Fiona Reid and Andrew Gillies as the Marryots, and Wendy Thatcher and David Schurmann as the Bridgeses). One can quibble at this or that (Lisa Waines, as Fanny Bridges, doesn't have the jazz chanteuse style for "Twentieth-Century Blues"; and one of the play's chilling surprises is telegraphed in the program notes), but this is a play to see again and again.

In *Cavalcade* the characters painfully learn the price of the twentieth century's technological advances and social freedoms. In the Shaw Festival's other blockbuster this season—GBS's own *The Philanderer*, with a fine cast headed by Simon Bradbury and Sarah Orenstein—we see the world starting to run toward this precipice. *The Philanderer*, written in 1893, is, for all the gaslight and hansom-cabbery of it, very much a play for our time. We don't call it Ibsenism any more, but the debate over the roles of men and women resonates with current issues in ways that frequently had me gasping in surprise, and some of my neighbors bristling.

Another period piece whose period mirrors our own is Wilde's *An Ideal Husband*. In recent years the only Wilde play that has been performed regularly is *The Importance of Being Earnest*. *Earnest* is, to be sure, Wilde's most brilliant concoction; it also, in Jack Worthing's high-wire walk between fiction and reality, is very much in tune with the absurdist strain in late-twentieth-century theater. But Wilde's other plays, grafting the same verbal wit onto an underlying melodrama, are less obviously to current tastes. What most directors would do, if they attempted them at all, is add modern layers of irony—inviting the audience to feel superior by suggesting that, after all, we know better now. However, the Shaw's artistic director, Christopher Newton, and his colleagues know that melodrama has to be played honestly, on its own terms.

In *An Ideal Husband*, the aesthete Lord Goring, played by Allan Gray, is as witty as Jack Worthing, but much more human as he tries to salvage his friends' happiness in a plot that has more in common with *Un Ballo in Maschera* than with *The Importance of Being Earnest*. And as in *The Philanderer*, the issues raised—of the relations between husband and wife, and the damage a long-past indiscretion can do to a politician's career—are quite apposite to our own *fin de siècle*. (Once again a quibble, but a more serious one. In both *The Phil-*

Miss Bridges is NR*'s managing editor. . . . The Stratford box office's phone number is 800-567-1600; the Shaw's, 800-267-4759.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

anderer and *An Ideal Husband*, the directors, Jim Mezon and Duncan McIntosh, presumably in order to underline the plays' relevance a century later, have chosen as curtain-call music some species of rock. What would Wilde—and *a fortiori* what would the music-loving GBS—say to *this*?)

One play coming later this season that I'm especially looking forward to is Harley Granville Barker's *Waste*. Mr. Newton has made it something of a mission to rescue the plays of this great actor-manager from oblivion. Granville Barker seems to have shared the social concerns of, say, John Galsworthy, but to have imbibed a rather higher writing style from the plays by Shakespeare, Shaw & Co. that he had acted in and directed.

Speaking of Galsworthy, there is great sadness at the Stratford Festival. Nicholas Pennell—one of the few actors in either of these fine companies to have a worldwide reputation, because of his role as Michael Mont in the televised *Forsyte Saga* thirty years ago—died of cancer this February. At his very best in characters whose emotions implode, Pennell gave us, among many other triumphs, an Iago I do not expect to see bettered; a Macbeth who knows exactly why he mustn't do what he knows he is going to do anyway; a Master Ford in *Merry Wives* who is the embodiment of comic suspiciousness. And flights of angels sing him to his rest.

Still very much alive and kicking at age 75 is one of Canada's national treasures, William Hutt. I'm looking forward to seeing him again later this year, as Falstaff in *Merry Wives* (directed by the company's artistic director, Richard Monette) and in a new Canadian play, *The Stillborn Lover*. (I'm also looking forward to Brian Bedford's Salieri in *Amadeus*, which I expect to be rather less monochromatic than I recall Ian McKellen's Broadway performance 15 years ago as being; and to Seana McKenna, who might just have it in her to provide the first good Lady Macbeth I will have seen.) But for now we have *Long Day's Journey into Night*. Leaving the theater, I heard a woman say, "Now *that*'s a dysfunctional family." Too reductively twentieth-century a diagnosis of the tormented Tyrones, surely. In Hutt's James Tyrone, especially, we see the reflexive self-justification and spurts of violent anger deepen into painful attempts at understanding and a marveling recollection of what he had once been. And Hutt is matched by Martha Henry as Mary Tyrone, Tom McCamus and Peter Donaldson as the warring sons, and Martha Burns as the good-hearted serving girl. One critic expressed surprise that a Canadian cast did so well by the very American Eugene O'Neill. But the Tyrones' real country is the theater—a country that is very much these actors' own. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

The Southern Front: History and Politics in the Cultural War, by Eugene D. Genovese (Missouri, 320 pp., $29.95)

WHEN I read the writings of Eugene Genovese, I have to remind myself that critical judgment is not to be shelved simply because of the great debt I and other Southerners, who have been kicked around by the morally superior Yankees, owe him. One doesn't need a good or long memory to recall when those of us who read and admired Richard Weaver and M. E. Bradford could fit into the proverbial phone booth. We were a terribly inbred group, but not by choice. Then along came a New Yorker of Italian ancestry, a Marxist at that, who writes about the subjects and ideas we Southerners consider important, and not only gets away with it, but is widely read and taken very seriously, even at Harvard and Yale. This collection of essays published by Beverly Jarrett's outstanding University of Missouri Press is not only educational: it is exciting; it is fun. It can make you laugh; it can make you angry; it always makes you think. Genovese hits the ball to all fields—religion, politics, history, ethics, education, law, slavery, poetry, Marxism, and the South. He's our Babe Ruth—and our Hank Aaron. —BEN C. TOLEDANO

But Is It True? A Citizen's Guide to Environmental Health and Safety Issues, edited by Aaron Wildavsky (Harvard, 704 pp., $35)

AARON Wildavsky's *But Is It True?*, posthumously published, is a fitting last work for a dedicated teacher. This collaborative effort with his Berkeley students is largely a patchwork quilt of term papers analyzing high-profile environmental scares of the last 35 years. These are traced in considerable scientific and historical detail; but after slogging through the (not so toxic after all) slime of Times Beach and Love Canal and the (not so heavily after all) arsenic-laden waters of the American West, the reader is finally rewarded with the penultimate chapter. Here, in a masterly way, Wildavsky sets forth twenty rules of sound scientific procedure to help the "citizen risk detective" weed out bias, hysteria, and bad methodology. Although Wildavsky never claims to be without bias himself, it is nonetheless disappointing to see its occasional emergence, as in his dismissal of the steadily rising rate of breast cancer as a "statistical illusion." Nevertheless, Wildavsky's final counsel for society is sound: that we abandon the "precautionary principle"—trying to protect ourselves from any possible harm. —JOEL BRIND

Save BIG on your LIFE INSURANCE

$250,000

***will work* & affordable**

	ART	10 Yr Level
30	15.97	19.43
40	**19.58**	**27.95**
50	29.29	56.18
60	65.05	122.86
70	201.05	386.73

All prices **low 3 average** from CompuLife®
Summary from *Rsch Bulletin 95-06A.*
Monthly Avg term prices for men.
Excellent health, no hazardous work/avocations, no tobacco. All AMBest rated: A- to A++. Many others
Women cost less; Tobacco more.
Available in most states.
Call for info. **800+327-8963**
BMTA Stewardship Rsch Bureau
POBox 249 Cross Plains TX 76443
AdNR 7/10

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Real Estate

WESTERN COLORADO 1,500 acre ranch. Trophy hunting, cattle, timber, adjudicated water, air strip, 2,700 square-foot Executive home. Call Bob, 800-950-9299. Realtor.

FOR SALE: LOVELY 2-bedroom cottage in White Lake, N.Y. Full lake use. Private dock. 914-583-5530.

SADDLE UP AND RIDE THE RANGE. Elk roam this area with majestic views of Colorado's Sangre de Cristo mountains, wild flowers, Pinion Pines. Change the fast pace of living. 35 acres for $48,600. Call Ed at Land Properties, Inc. 800-495-2526.

Hotels

NEW YORK CITY
THE BEDFORD HOTEL
118 East 40th Street,
New York, N.Y. 10016
(Between Park and Lexington Aves.)
Here is the "great small hotel" you look for in a big city . . . beautifully decorated rooms and suites and friendly attentive service combine to offer you total comfort at an ideal mid-Manhattan location. Fully equipped kitchenettes are available.
Ask About Discount Rates
For *National Review* Readers
Reservations: 800-221-6881 (USA & Canada)
FAX (212) 697-1093
Restaurant—Cocktail Lounge

Vacation Rentals

PRIVATE ESTATE HUNTING

Reserve an entire, unique, 2,000 acre private estate in northwestern Wisconsin for exclusive group hunts. 1995 deer, quail, grouse, pheasant, and duck/geese hunting dates are now available.

Call 312-946-1450 for written information.

CAPE COD—YARMOUTHPORT B&B, quiet village lane. Large king double with bath $85. 508-362-6995.

MAUI—IDYLLIC OCEANFRONT condo. One-bedroom, fully furnished. $490 weekly. 818-796-3451.

For Sale

WHITEWATER COLOGNE? It stinks but it's worth it. Rush $12.95 ($21.95 for 2) to: Whitewater Cologne, Box 871, Miami, Fla. 33116-0871.

ONE CUBIC FOOT "Whitewater" dirt deeds for sale. Call 800-893-2744.

Religion

LOOKING FOR A CHURCH that still teaches traditional values? Call the Anglican Catholic Church Information Center. 800-506-7616.

Business Opportunities

GET PAID for reading books! $100 per book. Send name, address to: Calco Publishing (Dept. C-775), 500 South Broad, Meriden, Conn. 06450.

Situations Available

MEN WHO WERE *falsely* accused of harassment! Tell your story. Published author (6 books) has just turned on his word processor again. Anonymity guaranteed. GFG, 286 Broad, Mail Stop 108, Manchester, Conn. 06040. 203-239-0615.

AUTOMOTIVE EXECUTIVES, RIF'd or prematurely retired, needed for start up. Participation in lieu of salary. We need your technical expertise, then your management skills, to build an IPO company. Need Chief Executive, Marketing, Design, Mechanical, Electrical, and Industrial Engineers. ETA Corporation, P. O. Box HM 2170, Hamilton, Bermuda HM JX.

Health

AIDS EPIDEMIC IN TAMPA, FLORIDA! Information: HPAF, P. O. Box 10088, Tampa, Fla. 33679.

Literary

DO YOU HAVE A BOOK TO PUBLISH?
The Pentland Press, Inc.
USA • ENGLAND • SCOTLAND
We specialize in co-operative publishing and can arrange the complete publication, promotion and warehousing of your book on a fee basis.
Please telephone: 1-800-948-2786

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKFINDER. Send wants. 2035-NR Everding, Eureka, Calif. 95503.

NEWSLETTER FOR OBJECTIVE THINKERS. For sample, send stamp to: Box 16247, Denver, Colo. 80216.

GOOD USED BOOKS—wide variety, intelligent selection. Libraries buy regularly; you can too. History, fiction, social science, literature, miscellaneous subjects. Send $2 for listings of 25,000 titles and prices. Editions, Desk NR, Boiceville, N.Y. 12412.

LYTTON EDITORIAL SERVICES—Evaluation, editing, and marketing of public affairs writing. 34 years experience. Free brochure. 335 Lavina, Sandpoint, Idaho 83864.

CONSERVATISM WITH A CLASSIC TOUCH! Read *The Kithara*—Sample $2. P. O. Box 1941, Lake Oswego, Oregon 97035.

Stocks

NASDAQ
Hottest Summer Stocks
Billington Stock Focus (circ. 200,000 worldwide)
Latest Issue (July 25, 1995) Now Available
Full Corporate Package plus Newsletter
Phone: 800-828-1866 Fax: 800-721-5726
For Newsletter on the Internet:
http://www.billingtons.com

Educational Opportunities

*** *Languages* ***
Over 100 different foreign and Native American self study languages for adults and children, cassettes, CD's, videos, computer programs, translators.
Audio Language Institute
1202 Lexington DEPT 272-N1
New York, New York 10128
FREE COLOR CATALOG
800.722.6394 x61

BE A PARALEGAL!
Attorney-instructed home study course. Train now for one of America's fastest growing careers.
Free career literature: call 800-223-4542.
Name ____ Age ____
Address ____
City ____ State ____ Zip ____
School of Paralegal Studies, Dept. LLJ173
PCDI, 6065 Roswell Road, Atlanta, GA 30328

LEARN MORE **SPANISH**
- WORLD NEWS MONTHLY
- INTERMEDIATE SPANISH
- GLOSSARY IN EVERY ISSUE
- **FREE** GRAMMAR GUIDE W/ ORDER
- **$25** PER YEAR

ALSO: GERMAN QUARTERLY: **$18**/YR
EDUCATIONAL NEWS SERVICE
PO BOX 60478-NR, FLORENCE, MA 01060
FREE BROCHURE 1-800-600-4494

Friendship, Etc.

MEET LATIN LADIES !
...Of Central & South America thru correspondence ! Beautiful, traditional & marriage-minded. Photos, Videos, & Group Tours. Single men only.
FotoBrochure $1 or call (713) 896-9224
T.L.C. WORLDWIDE, INC.
P.O. BOX 924994-NR
HOUSTON, TEXAS 77292-4994

CLASSICAL MUSIC LOVERS'S EXCHANGE® for unattached music lovers. Nationwide. P. O. Box 31, Pelham, N.Y. 10803. 800-233-CMLS.

GORGEOUS ASIAN WOMEN! Romance, Correspondence, Lifemates! P.I.C., Box 461873-NR, Los Angeles, Calif. 90046. 213-650-1994.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SINGLE BOOKLOVERS, a national service, has been getting unattached people together since 1970. P. O. Box 117, Gradyville, Pa. 19039, or call 610-358-5049.

MEET YOUR DREAMGIRL! Lovely Asians, Latinas seek sincere gentlemen. Private. Select. Guaranteed. Free world-famous catalogue. 215-329-7744. SIMPATICA, 1657 Fairway, Rydal, Pa. 19046.

OVERSEAS WOMEN! Asian Experience, Box 1214NV, Novato, Calif. 94948. 415-897-2742.

BEAUTIFUL BRITISH LADIES & ELIGIBLE BRITISH GENTLEMEN seek friendship, romance & marriage with Americans! All ages! Free details: English Rose Introduction Agency (Dept. NR), 24 Cecil Square, Margate, Kent CT9 1BA, England. Tel/Fax: 011-44-1843-290735 (24 hrs).

MEET WOMEN WORLDWIDE. Free 32-page photo catalogue! Correspondence service since 1974. Cherry Blossoms, 190NR Rainbow Ridge, Kapaau, Hawaii 96755. 408-980-7488.

Russian Ladies, truly beautiful, educated, are sincerely seeking relationships.
2000 Ladies selected from over 50,000.

FREE COLOR PHOTO BROCHURE
EUROPEAN CONNECTIONS
Dept. 238 • P.O. Box 888851
Atlanta, GA 30356 FAX 707-451-5774
PHONE (707) 458-0909 24 HOURS
– EXCITING MOSCOW TOURS AVAILABLE –

SINGLE WOMEN'S NETWORK, a national group for networking, travel, and support. Box 117, Gradyville, Pa. 19039. 610-358-5520.

CHRISTIANS. MEET exceptional singles, nationwide. Call AMONG FRIENDS, 800-505-0505 (Ext. 224-C) for FREE listing.

ASIAN WOMEN Desire Marriage! SUNSHINE INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE, P. O. Box 5500-FH, Kailua-Kona, Hawaii 96745-5500. 808-325-7707.

JAPANESE WOMEN! 110 Pacific, #208JW, San Francisco, Calif. 94111. 816-942-1668.

RUSSIA, EUROPE, USA, CANADA, etc.: Correspond with sincere, professional men and women worldwide, for friendship and more. SCANNA International, P. O. Box 4-NR, Pittsford, N.Y. 14534. 800-677-3170. On Worldwide Web: http://www.scanna.com/

LOVELY INTERNATIONAL LADIES want penpals seeking friendship or marriage. Free photo catalogue. The #1 Discount Service. Fil/Am Int'l Correspondence, P.O. Box 5517-NR, Apache Junction, Ariz. 85278-5517. 602-983-1963.

Professional Services

EXPRESS MAIL TO RUSSIA—$1. Guaranteed Mail Service, P. O. Box 321-NR, Florham Park, N.J. 07932. 201-593-0471.

REAL ESTATE CONSULTANT and problem solver. R. Pellicane, Esq.: 516-283-7200. 35 years experience.

NO CHARGE. Artist is offering prints of original watercolor, 8 x 10; each accompanied by original, handwritten poem. Fax request: 702-734-6369.

PUT BILL CLINTON TO WORK FOR YOU!
Hire the Country's best Bill Clinton impersonator for your next corporate, political or private function.
•*Looks like the President*
•*Sounds like the President*
•*More comical than the President*
800-699-PRES

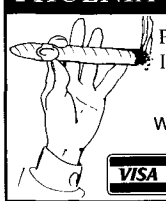
Clinical Services

SPASMODIC TORTICOLLIS RECOVERY CLINIC. 2528 Camino Estribo, Santa Fe, N.M. 87505.

Situations Wanted

FORTUNE 500 PUBLIC RELATIONS pro/conservative seeks corporate spot. M.A. degrees (journalism & political science). Media relations, crisis communications, community relations, annual reports, foundation-contributions, labor negotiations spokesman. Issues-oriented. Has worked directly with CEOs. 817-656-1462.

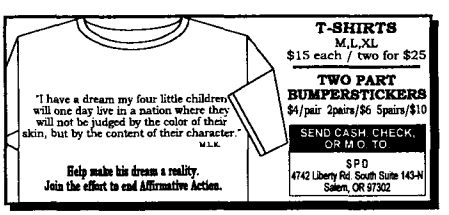
Cigars

PHOENIX TOBACCONIST

PURVEYORS OF FINE CIGARS
Imports - Connecticut Broad Leaf
We'll Sell Box or Individually
VISA MasterCard Springfield, MA
1-800-731-8322

CUBAN CIGAR COMPANY, Miami, Florida. We hand make the cigars we sell. 800-207-7771.

T-Shirts & Bumper Stickers

"IF IT DISTURBS THE PEACE, THEN YOU'RE OVERDOING IT": Free vinyl bumper stickers. Dave Polewka, P. O. Box 3652, Chapel Hill, N.C. 27515-3652.


"I have a dream my four little children will one day live in a nation where they will not be judged by the color of their skin, but by the content of their character."
M.L.K.
Help make his dream a reality.
Join the effort to end Affirmative Action.
T-SHIRTS
M,L,XL
$15 each / two for $25
TWO PART BUMPERSTICKERS
$4/pair 2pairs/$6 5pairs/$10
SEND CASH, CHECK, OR M.O. TO
SPD
4742 Liberty Rd. South Suite 143-N
Salem, OR 97302

"4 YEARS WITHOUT A PRESIDENT IS LONG ENOUGH": Bumper Stickers, red & blue on white. $3 each. 2/$5, 6/$10, 15/$20. Cash, check, money order to: Patriot Productions. P.O. Box 15128, Loves Park, Ill. 61132-5128.

Personal

U.S. ARMY 07'S WIDOW seeks new view of kaleidoscopic sunrises/sunsets. Fundamental Christian, independent, personable, gem of a right hand; a skilled magnate-level "office wife," she desires position satisfying her benevolent, adventurous, and romantic spirit. Sterling references exchanged. NR Box 2312.

TALL, BLONDE, FEMALE Ditto-Head, 24, seeks correspondence. Photo appreciated. NR Box 2313.

WHO LOVES LUCY? Tall, slim, very pretty, zany blonde, 30, Catholic, desires non-average guy who knows life is short, for daily laughs and adventures. NR Box 2314.

NR REPRINTS AVAILABLE
"The 100 Best Conservative Movies" ($1.50)
"Health Care: Second Opinions" ($2)
"The Real Reagan Record" ($2.95)
"Clintonomics: Apocalypse Now" ($2.95)
(Please add 50 cents for shipping & handling)
Bulk prices available for all upon request.
Send to: *NATIONAL REVIEW*,
150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016
Specify selection.

CLASSIFIED INFORMATION

Rates: $4.00 per word (10-word minimum). Phone number, zip code, all permitted abbreviations (P. O. Box, S.A.S.E., etc.) count as one word.

Frequency Discounts: 4 times, $3.75 per word; 6 times, $3.50 per word; 8 or more times, $3.25 per word.

NR Box Numbers: $10 additional (one-time only charge). Responses forwarded by 1st-class mail. Send to: NR Box _____, c/o Tony Savage, *NATIONAL REVIEW*, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016.

Display Ads: Minimum 1-inch, maximum 9 inches (vertical). Width 2 1/4 inches. One time, $200 per column inch; 4 times, $185 per column inch; 8 times, $170 per column inch; 10 or more times, $150 per column inch. Camera-ready art (to size) must be provided. Display rates apply to Classified section only.

To Order: Full payment in advance by check, money order (payable to *NATIONAL REVIEW*), MasterCard, or Visa (include expiration date). Address: Tony Savage, NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. FAX: 212-696-0340. Tel. 212-679-7330

Restrictions: The primary function of the Classified section is to facilitate one of the essential mechanisms of the free marketplace by bringing together willing buyers and willing sellers. However, *NR* may reject any copy deemed unsuitable for whatever reason, without comment. Such rejections are almost always based on our interpretation of common decency and good taste. Partisan political viewpoints expressed in connection with specific goods or services are the sole responsibility of the advertiser, and are not necessarily a reflection of *NR*'s editorial position.

Buy Stuff! Sell Stuff!
Learn Stuff!
Find a House! Find a Friend! Find Love!
Get a Job! Get a Publisher! Get a Life!
GET RESULTS!!
ADVERTISE IN
NATIONAL REVIEW'S
CLASSIFIED SECTION
"It's Right as Rain" (and just as vital)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ON THE RIGHT / Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

Hiroshima—Happy Birthday?

NEW YORK, AUGUST 4

Harry Truman was not an ambiguist, just to begin with. And in any case, important declarations are usually summary. "I do," is all that is necessary in answer to the question, "Do you take this man for your lawfully wedded husband?" When asked for final approval to drop the atomic bomb over Hiroshima, Harry Truman, in Potsdam, scribbled out in longhand, "Suggestion approved. Release when ready." It seems a millennium since the idiomatically similar order was given by Admiral Dewey to the captain of his flagship at the Battle of Manila Bay in 1898: "You may fire when you are ready, Gridley." Truman authorized the non-platonic beginning of the nuclear age, at the convenience of the commander of a bomber squadron on the 39-square-mile island of Tinian.

Time magazine did a good job last week in describing the elements of the contest between East and West that was finally detonated at Pearl Harbor, and a harrowing account of the terrible bloodiness of the Pacific war and of the breathless interval between the bomb's falling at Nagasaki and the quiet-spoken words of the Emperor Hirohito, besought by a cabinet divided between surrender and suicide. He elected to surrender.

Books have been written and prayers for divine guidance said to examine the morality of the bomb. If it is true that the intentions of the perpetrator are the final determinants of moral rectitude, then Truman is clearly blameless. He had weighed reports of projected American casualties in an invasion of Japan; estimates ranged between thirty thousand and a half-million dead and wounded. The same strategists projected Japanese casualties at many times that number, and even as Truman thought about the question—before even the trial bomb at Alamogordo had established that Little Boy (Hiroshima) and Fat Man (Nagasaki) would indeed work their devastation—we were routinely proceeding with our concentrated bombing of Japanese cities. Over eighty thousand were killed in the firebombings of Tokyo even as, a few months earlier, we had in three waves killed almost as many Germans in Dresden with the saturation bombings.

Did Harry Truman give sufficient thought to alternatives? There was the possibility of encouraging an earlier intervention against Japan by the Soviet army. There was the possibility of amending the terms of surrender sharply enough to affect the thinking of the bitter-enders in the Japanese military. The answer to these questions can't be given, not because the alternatives weren't presented to Truman, but because we don't know to what extent they captured his attention. We had only just conquered Okinawa, with a loss of 12,500 American servicemen. A national poll showed 90 per cent of Americans supporting in effect unconditional surrender. As far as Truman was concerned, we should give him the benefit of the doubt: the nuclear bomb was simply the next weapon in line. We had traveled, in Truman's lifetime, from biplanes to B-29s. Why cavil at a single bomb that could effect the same damage as a thousand bombers?

The soul-searching came later. It required centuries to mobilize civilized opinion against slavery and against torture. It is not finally settled even now on capital punishment. Nor is it on nuclear weaponry as a deterrent, but then of course in order to deter, nuclear weapons need to threaten. A civilized scholar very close to several Presidents once observed to me that if the Soviet nuclear flotilla had actually launched, he would have seen no purpose in counselling the President to launch our own: what had been there as a deterrent, designed to be conclusive, hadn't worked—so why kill 150 million Russians? No one of course will ever know whether such reasoning would have stayed the hand of a U.S. President. It sufficed that Soviet leaders did not rule out nuclear retaliation: whereupon nuclear stalemate was born. It had a long life.

It does surprise that the evangelistic energy now spent on the horrors of Hiroshima does not bear little buds that would encourage the development of defensive means to intercept the hypothetical nuclear bomb of tomorrow. For reasons quite impossible to understand, those most transfixed by the horrors of Hiroshima are most unconcerned by, or even hostile to, any effort to accost not the evil in men's minds and nature—perhaps because this is not possible—but the weapons such men can deploy. □

"A white heterosexual male? What could you possibly want?"

The Susan Smith Case

NEW YORK, JULY 28

The brother of Susan Smith asked the jurors what would be the point of sentencing Mrs. Smith to death—hasn't there been enough tragedy in her family already? That statement did not resonate very widely because Mrs. Smith's family comprised the two boys she murdered, and an ex-husband who had already told the jury he thought she should be executed. And of course the point logically arises: If there is a law in South Carolina specifying execution for capital offenses, what capital offenses are we going to subspecify as especially appropriate for execution?

Well of course no one disputes the sheer horror of the means by which Mrs. Smith elected to kill her children. Under the circumstances, the defense needed to go in a different direction from what the defense has done with O. J. Simpson. It needed to plead with the jury the awful aspects of her own life.

Newspaper readers are familiar with the details: the suicide of her father when she was 6, seduction by her stepfather when she entered her teens, a marriage that resulted in two sons followed by a divorce followed by a love affair with her boss alongside a love affair with her boss's son coextensive with sex with her stepfather. The reason for all of this, the defense explained, is the trauma of the suicide of her father and the fear she felt that to break away from her stepfather would be in the nature of renewing the wound that had left her fatherless at 6—and how are we doing, ladies and gentlemen of the jury, have we got you in the Menendez mood? You do remember the Menendez brothers, and how convincing it was that they really felt they *had* to empty their shotguns at their mother and father?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It pays, if only as an exercise, to credit the teleology of Susan Smith's mental development. Let us assume that the suicide of her father led her compulsively to submit to sex with her stepfather. Let us suppose that that driving compulsion to love copiously led her to leave her husband and take to her bed her boss, and then his son; that her anxiety for the continued sexual devotion of the son led her to interpret his statement that he would not marry a woman and take on the burden of two children to the perfectly logical conclusion that the children were an insufferable burden: that that led her compulsively to strap the two impediments onto the back seat of the car, and let it slide into the lake. A quite natural sense of self-protection caused her to tell police of a black abductor who at gunpoint had whisked the children away. And then after nine days, as the circumstantial evidence tightened about her, she began to descry a noose. At that point she confessed.

Now the refinement of the McNaghten defense, which requires the prosecution to establish that the defendant knew the difference between right and wrong, would not appear to have applied. Mrs. Smith acknowledged to her ex-husband that she was "sorry" she hadn't accepted his offer to take the boys home with him.

What was fought over, in the jury deliberations, is really the question of capital punishment. 1) The gravity of the offense was established. 2) The defendant's knowledge that what she did was wrong wasn't doubted. In which case, 3) shouldn't she be sentenced to death?

The risk in capital prosecutions was of course highlighted by the Menendez verdict. The law, roundly stated, tells us that you may not kill another person except in self-defense. The Menendez brothers had no such excuse, but they were got off by a lawyer who mesmerized the jury into rogue theories of psychological compulsions.

Such arguments go to eristic legal lengths. Suppose we begin with the simple postulate that murder is aberrational behavior. Then the question—under the handling of defense lawyers—becomes: What caused such behavior? Mean parents? Suicidal fathers? Cruelty? Sex? Fear?—the list is infinite because the postulate is fixed. It is that if somebody is murdered, it has to be that the murderer departed from the moral fixes that restrain other human beings. Accordingly the quest is for the cause of the misbehavior, and the only penological reason to keep the murderer in jail is to prevent him from doing it again.

It became, really, that all over again, a fight over capital punishment. "What happened to Michael and Alex is a tragedy," said the defense. "To strap Susan in a chair and send 2,000 volts into her in the name of justice—"

He was interrupted by the prosecution, who reminded him that more humane means of execution had been authorized by the State of South Carolina. But the State of South Carolina might just as well abolish capital punishment now that Susan Smith has been spared. □

Why Not ID?

NEW YORK, JULY 25

Thirty years ago the philosopher/strategist James Burnham included a chapter in his book *Suicide of the West* in which he undertook to list the stands in public policy that distinguish the American conservative from the American liberal. For instance? Capital punishment: most conservatives are in favor of it, most liberals against. Gun control, the other way around. Many of the dividing points had to do with aspects of foreign policy during the Cold War, no longer relevant. If Mr. Burnham were alive and writing today no doubt he'd have included in his list strategic anti-missile defense. There is a Grand Canyon that divides conservative and liberal opinion on that subject.

We paleos (for "paleolithic conservatives": i.e., those of us who were conservative beginning way back in past geological eras) were weaned in a kind of anti-cyber, anti-computer tradition. Mr. Burnham listened with instinctive approval to a classmate who initiated the idea of a chain-letter from one friend to two friends to four friends to sixteen friends urging a quiet mutiny against numerical identification. The idea was always to misplace one digit in anything that requires absolutely accurate disclosure. A kind of quiet sabotage of the computer age, was the dream. If enough people wrote 123465 where 123456 was the correct code, then the mighty house of Mainframe would come tumbling down.

It is in fidelity to that tradition that so many conservatives oppose any move toward an identification number. Professor Thomas Sowell of the Hoover Institution has written that "nothing polarizes the political Left and Right like the idea of a national identity card." The Nazis and the Communists and indeed the South Africans required an ID. Isn't that reason enough for free governments to shrink at the thought of it?

Not in my view. In the past three weeks I have three times been asked to give my Social Security number. Why? Presumably because no two people have the same Social Security number. When we were in the army and desired to get free postage, we were required to write our serial number on the envelope. When we travel abroad we are required to hand over our passports, each one individually numbered. In many situations the requirement is to show your driver's license, preferably in states in which your picture also appears on that license.

What then is the reason for such heated opposition to an identification number, as has been proposed by various congressmen anxious to do something about illegal immigration? The idea, as we understand it, is to develop an ID which can't be violated by the owner or duplicated by a black marketeer. Presumably what then happens is that the young man who asks for a job in a restaurant or at a construction firm is asked (under obligation of law) to show his ID. If he can't come up with it, he is deemed to be illegal, and doesn't get hired.

What's wrong with that? "Control is the name of the game for liberals," Professor Sowell writes, "even when they call it 'compassion.' A national identity card would not only permit even greater government snooping into people's private lives, the information gathered would almost inevitably lead to more laws forcing more people to do more things the way the politicians want them done. It is a down payment on totalitarianism." Mr. Sowell sees a tunnel ahead, and the light at the end of it is the complete submission by the individual to the government.

We should concede this, namely that in totalitarian societies an ID is absolutely essential. The contrapositive, however, is not justified—that every society that has an ID will become a totalitarian society. As noted, already there is an ID of sorts, done by Social Security. As a weapon against illegal immigration it is not reliable because it is very easy to get a Social Security card. But if a) it is a legitimate goal to regulate immigration, then b) the means to do this effectively should be there, and c) it would not appear to make sense to deny the government instruments that are not inherently cruel or indecent. To authorize an ID that merely proves you are who you say you are is not the same thing as to authorize a government enema or truth serum.

On such matters one thinks of George Gilder, the American conservative bard of the computer, whose threnodies remind us how much we owe to the computer, not least that it enables us, without further ado, to establish that we are Americans, entitled to the rights guaranteed us under the Constitution. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

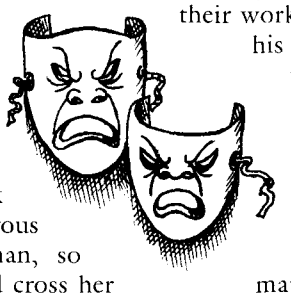
THE MISANTHROPE'S CORNER

FLORENCE KING

PLAGIARISM has become so commonplace that the *Washington Post* reported an instance of it this past March with the lead sentence: "The plagiarism virus has claimed another prominent journalist."

I have never been plagiarized in the full legal sense of having long verbatim passages lifted, but I have been "plagiaromped," to coin a word for a practice widespread enough to need one. The worst offender was a leading news magazine whose reporter used the standard technique: she quoted me by name once, and thereafter closely paraphrased passages from my book.

I also found a well-known catchphrase of mine in a book I happened to review, proving my contention that the plagiarist's identifying trait is stupidity. Everyone knows literary editors match reviewers to books. Having been typed as a Southern humorist, I am routinely offered books of Southern humor. This particular book was an ostensibly humorous work by a Southern woman, so wouldn't you think it would cross her mind that I might be asked to review it? (I praised the phrase she swiped, calling it the funniest line in the book, and left her to her conscience.)



I found real plagiarism in a Lizzie Borden book I reviewed. Here we see plagiarists' stupidity on a grand scale. Anyone who writes about the Borden case knows he is writing for a cult whose obsessed members have read every word ever written about our heroine. The victim book happened to be a particular favorite of mine and one that I know practically by heart. Finding five nearly verbatim passages, I went into avenging-angel mode and did a side-by-side comparison. It caused a small stir in literary circles, resulting in a squib in *Book World* headlined "Lizzy Tizzy" that credited me with "five whacks."

My file on plagiarism has now grown so fat that I have had to divide the gall into three parts, with separate folders for journalism, books, and academia.

Accounts of journalistic plagiarism all sound more or less like the *Post*'s recent one. First the plagiarist issues a melodramatic apology; he is "horrified and heartbroken" by his deed. Next comes the excuse: the deadline made him do it; "I was not mindful that I was breaking the rules of my craft." Finally we hear from the plagiarist's editor, who explains: "He succumbed to the pressures of the moment and did an absolutely aberrational act." Free will yields to spontaneous combustion.

The creative writer who plagiarizes needs something more ivory-towerish than deadlines. When Alex Haley was sued by two novelists who found their work in *Roots*, he first blamed his "research assistants," but the boiler-room imagery clashed with his well-publicized claim that *Roots* was a solitary labor of love. In the end, he settled out of court for $650,000. But it doesn't matter, his defenders insist, because he helped blacks find their history.

Academic plagiarism is the easiest to pull off because bad writers stick together. Martin Luther King was dead by the time his plagiarism of Paul Tillich was discovered, but his defenders rallied. Said one: "He was trained in the black folk pulpit, which is an oral tradition. In this tradition, language was seen as common treasure, not private property."

I also have a fourth folder labeled BEYOND PLAGIARISM whose contents represent one small step for infringement of copyright but one giant leap for demonic possession. The practice of writing "sequels" to dead authors' books was only the beginning; now we can write new ones for them. California computer expert Scott French devised a program that mimics the style of dead authors, producing a novel entitled *Just This Once* as it might have been written by the late Jacqueline Susann, author of *Valley of the Dolls*. Defending his technique, French said: "I didn't copy her words or even sentences, but her way of thinking. And I don't think you can copyright the way a person thinks."

It is significant but not surprising that few people outside the publishing world are shocked by any of this. Americans are prone to excuse plagiarism even at the risk of sounding Aristotelian ("There are only seven plots"). More to the point, we have a flippant maxim that is a bald defense of plagiarism: "Great minds think alike." We may think we hold private property sacred, but we subconsciously make an exception for plagiarism—the subject simply doesn't turn us on.

In the first place, it concerns so few people. Nearly everyone owns a house, but how many own copyrights? How many people even know a copyright owner? (Hint: how many conservatives know someone with AIDS?)

Second, it's so subjective. To Americans, "property" evokes the scene in *Dr. Zhivago* when the Bolsheviks move in and start chopping up the furniture for firewood. But what, exactly, is intellectual property and how, exactly, do you steal it? This is not a subject likely to inflame a people with a fetishistic preference for practical knowledge.

Third, we are a nation of conformists. We take a dim view of the very thing that a copyright preserves, protects, and defends: originality.

THE siren song of situation ethics pervades the subject of plagiarism. At a panel convened to discuss novelist D.M. Thomas's use of whole pages from another book in *The White Hotel*, a participant said:

> What is plagiarism, apart from legal questions of ownership, copyright, or financial gain? How, for example, does it differ from repetition, reportage, quotation, paraphrase, exposition, and other ways of reproducing previously existing material? Plagiarism is closer to pride, a sin of the spirit, than to the criminal activities of the burglar.

In other words, "There are no easy answers." But there are. I can think of one. In a properly run Republic of Merit, Alexandra Ripley, "author" of *Scarlett*, would be sent to the salt mines along with the two nephews of Margaret Mitchell who cooked up the sequel deal. □

St. Martin's has just published The Florence King Reader, *an anthology.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FREEFORM™

Formaldehyde-free finished fabrics

Freeform fabrics are available in unlimited combinations of patterns, weaves, proprietary yarns, cross-dyes and custom colors. Colors remain consistent from order to order.

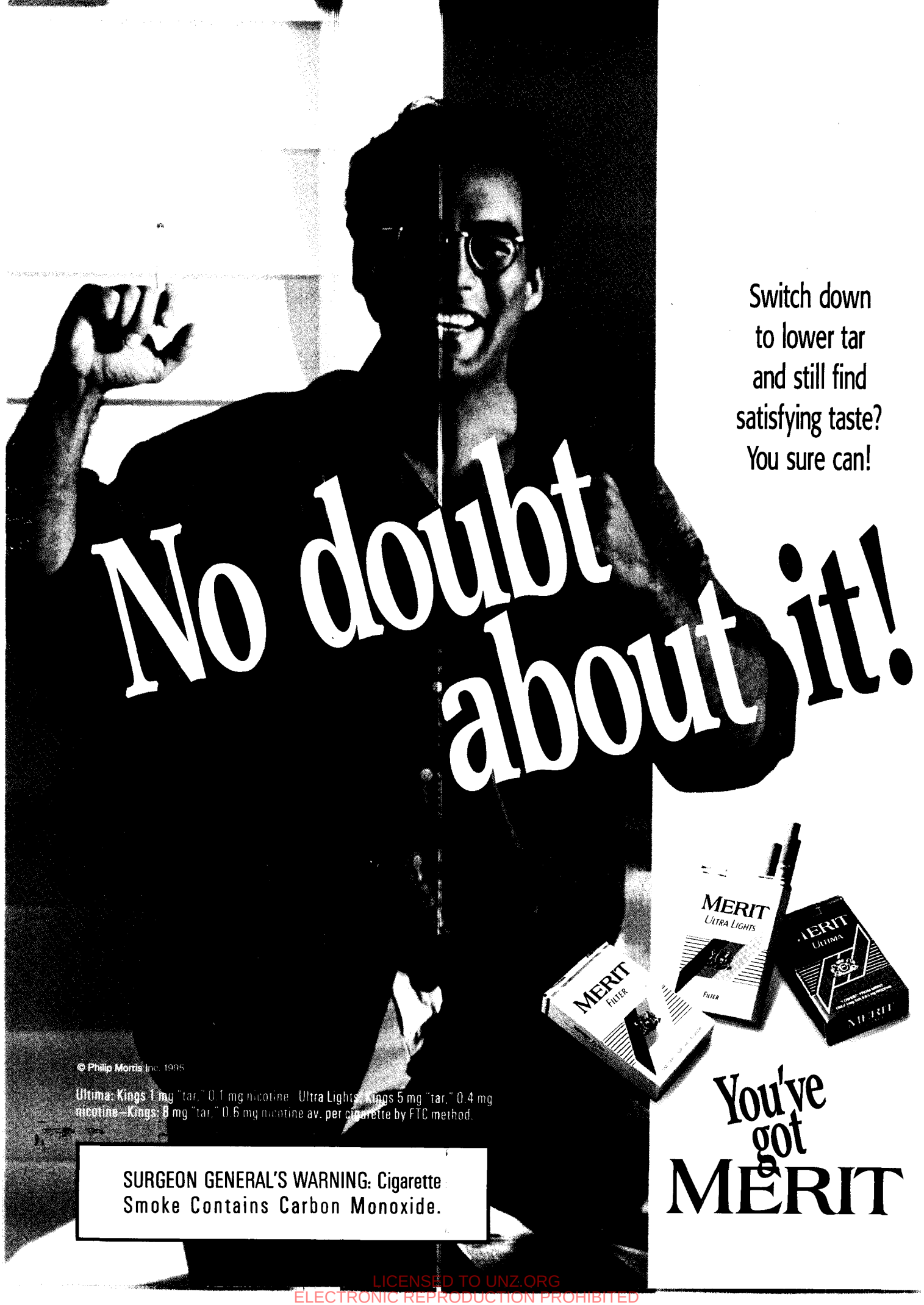
They are formaldehyde-free and offer better colorfastness than formaldehyde- or PVC-finished fabrics, without cupping or camber. All Freeform fabrics are treated with a flame retardant.

For more information contact your vertical blind, pleated shade or roller shade distributor and ask for Freeform fabrics. For a list of suppliers, technical support and value-added services, call 1-800-255-8472.

MILLIKEN

©1994 Milliken & Company. ™Freeform is a trademark of Milliken & Company for fabrics. ®Dacron is a DuPont registered trademark.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED